THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JULY, 1803.

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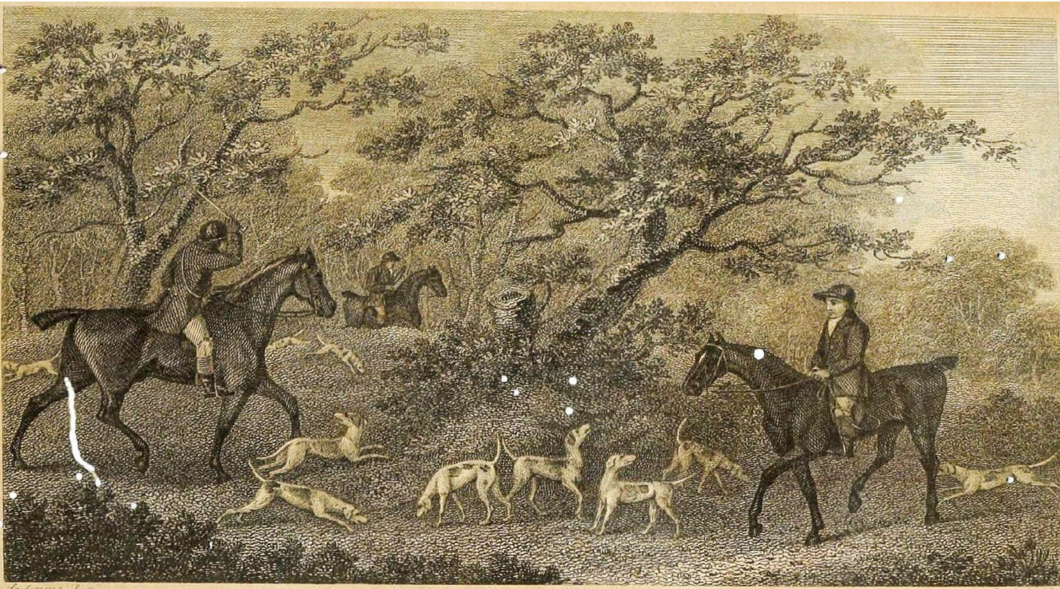
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several Communications are come to hand, which shall have a place in our next.

We are happy to inform our Readers, that the unfortunate Mr. Grant, whose trial we detailed in our last Number, has been respited from the sentence of death by his Majesty.



Sartorius Pinx. Scott Sculp.

Drawing Cover.

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THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JULY, 1803.

DRAWING COVER.

From a Design of the Younger Sartorious, Engraved by Scott.

THIS is the second Plate on HUNTING SUBJECTS, from the Younger SARTORIOUS. The first of UNKENNELLING THE HOUNDS, was given in our Magazine, for November last.—Others are in the Engraver's hands, and will be given in progress.

SPORTING DECISIONS.

THE arbitrators to whom the litigated horse causes, described in our last, were referred, have made, and given in the following awards.

The first case, C. M——, Esq. against Mr S——, for ninety-five guineas, the price of a horse, sold by the latter to the former, and of course, at the time of sale, was supposed to be perfectly sound; but in two hours after delivery, was offered to be returned, in consequence of being discovered *not to be so*. The inquiry went directly to this point, whether the lameness was antecedent to the recent purchase, or an injury newly sustained; but the purport of the evidence turning in confirmation of the first opinion, and it appearing that the horse had been purchased at a repository of much celebrity, by Mr. S. for so small a sum as thirty-five guineas, and without a warranty, not many weeks before. The arbitrators were induced to determine, "that the horse should be returned, the purchase money, ninety-five guineas refunded, Mr. S. to pay the keep of the horse during the time of litigation, and each party to pay his own costs."

Case the second, between J. W——, and T. H——, Esqrs. respecting the bruised and battered state of the foot of the carriage-horse, by the loss of a shoe, two days after purchase, from which circumstance lameness ensued, was determined by the veterinarians, appointed arbitrators, as follows.—That the injury sustained by the loss of the shoe, since the purchase, must evidently fall upon the present purchaser, in whose possession the accident had happened; but in conse-

consequence of the flat and fleshy conformation of the horse's foot, previous to the sale, at 150 guineas, they decreed that 10 guineas of the purchase money should be returned.

The case between W. S——, and O. H——, Esqrs. in which one of the (three hundred guineas) curricle mares was deemed a cribbiter, was decided in favour of the latter; for, although the mare was admitted to be thus defective, the award was made by the arbitrators —both barristers—that a crib-biter is not an unsound horse.

"New Lords, New Laws."

ON SPAVINS, AND COLLEGE PUFFING.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

As thoroughly experienced professional men, it is a duty you owe the Public, to set them right, and guard them from imposition, in all cases of consequence within the circle of your profession. You have performed this honourable and useful duty during a course of many years, highly to the satisfaction of a numerous and respectable class of readers, not only in the British Isles, but in the United States of America, in the East and West Indies; in fact, wherever the English language is either in use or fashion.

It is necessary, however, you should have the aid of occasional correspondents, whose sentiments may be submitted to the correction of your superior judgment. On these terms, a sportsman not quite green in his vocation, makes you a respectful tender of the following.

It is well known to you, gentlemen, and ought to be equally so to the sporting world, and to all proprietors of horses, that twenty shiners will purchase a man his diploma; authorized by which he is enabled to practise in, if not to cure, all the diseases of horses and other cattle; no matter, whether the *gemman*, has ever in his life, called a horse his own, or has ever mounted one—it is quite sufficient if he has seen one—or what profession the *gemman* may have been bred in; whether as a hammerer of iron, a stitcher of broad cloath, a retailer of farthing candles, or a haberdasher of hats. He has paid his shot—his warrant is signed—he flashes

VETERINARY SURGEON,

In six-foot letters, and, *in course*, can cure all the diseases of horses; and shoe, nine times better than Nature herself. Nay, so great is the miraculous, intuitive, heaven-born knowledge of modern professors, and so infinitely superior are they to the dolts and bunglers who preceded them, that a certain young man, remarked for his modest assurance, has attained the highest reputation for a knowledge of horses, merely on the strength of his ability to say the Lord's Prayer in Latin, and to play tricks with calves eyes, judging thence, with wonderful sagacity, that horses also have eyes; although, previously to the sudden establishment of his well-grounded fame, he had never but once been on horse-back, in his life; when, journeying from the metropolis to Highgate, on his return he was obliged to hire a man to lead his horse down the hill.

How unreasonable is it in us, or in the Public, to marvel, that this veterinarian should maintain the total inutility of consulting any other books, or any other system of practice, than his own.

But to come closer to business.—At *****, in our county, the inhabitants and their animals are fortunately secured in their health, by a newly established veterinary surgeon, who, it is understood, was lately an exciseman; and has, at

at any rate, fortunately for himself, taken a good gauge of the pockets of his patients, both mere animal, and Christian; for there are no Jews, and only *one* Greek in the vicinage. His Christian practice has been hitherto chiefly confined to the late influenza, which he professed to be able to cure, with the utmost certainty, on the new plan of the west country doctors: accordingly, a substantial farmer being strongly affected, as usual in the disease, with alternate heats and chills, our new Hippocrates, ordered the patient instantly to be placed upon a chair, in an unaired parlour, exactly midway between an open window and door, and there to be supplied with a tea-cup-full of cold water, every quarter of an hour, until he found he had enough! See also Dr. Kinglake's method of treating the influenza, in the Medical Journal, for June, who we hope will read this article. As the devil would have it, the window had a north-east aspect, and the wind blew fresh! the door opening into a long passage, at the extremity of which, was another open door, looking towards a low meadow!!! In a few minutes, the unfortunate patient was seized with a most violent fit, which our oldfashioned doctor used to denominate an ague, but which, it seems, will now no longer answer to that name. The clergyman of the parish luckily came in, and ordered the man into a warm bed, where he lay twelve hours in a burning fever, which being succeeded by a profuse critical sweat, his good luck and good constitution cleared him at once, both of his disease and his doctor.

The good parson's horse, however, has not yet been quite so fortunate as his reverence's friend the farmer, for indeed, in this case, the parson's judgment seems to have failed.

He had lately purchased a young horse, which, on his beginning to work him, put forth a spavin. The new veterinary surgeon, was in course at first consulted, to determine the seat of the lameness, on which, *as will sometimes happen with these learned gentlemen*, he found it convenient to hesitate, until the groom blundered out, "Why, lord! Doctor, an old woman with one eye, would see in a jiffy, that the horse has put out a spavin; don't you feel how hot the place is?" Well, the doctor affecting to look very profound, assured the bystanders it was a spavin, and what was far better, that he would cure, and render the horse fit to ride, in a short time. The horse being ordered next morning to the Doctor's new forge, was, rather neatly, but superficially fired, and nothing farther was held necessary, but he might even be ridden. The owner, however, waited until the horse's leg was clear of all the effects of the operation, and then mounted him, in order to ride a short journey; the day after which, the nag was considerably more lame than before, the exercise having brought much heat and tension upon the part affected, or the seat of the spavin. The doctor was again called, when he declared confidently, that the case was perfectly familiar to people at college; and that another firing would do the business effectually. The firing was immediately repeated, somewhat deeper, and the horse—against the doctor's advice, who declared they found no occasion for such dilatory practice *now*—was turned off in a sheltered paddock, *by himself*, at the express desire of his owner. The writer of this rode him last week, and found him *dead* lame, the *exostosis* considerably enlarged, and a contraction of the sinews beginning to take place. The nag is now incurable, the blemish from firing quite *ostentatious*, and the doctor's bill paid. What can a reasonable man desire more?

When

When the nature and situation of the malady in question, is considered, it will easily appear, that no marvel need be made, at general ill success of attempts at a radical cure: in truth, few of our oldest and most experienced jockies will warrant even the possibility of it. The spavin is a bony protrusion from the shank of the hinder leg, just beneath the hock, and posited among the ligaments and tendons, which it inflames and contracts by its growth; in consequence, rendering all motion painful to the animal. Now, in such a case, what possible efficacy can a superficial firing have, going only skin deep, at most but touching the surface of the protrusion, which is thereby only temporarily impeded in its growth, in most cases, even if applied early? It must yet be allowed, that an early attention to the spavin affords the only hope; and may be fairly averred, that a confirmed spavin is incurable, nothwithstanding, that every one of the multitude of our veterinary writers of the last four or five years, treat the case with all possible *sang froid*, and direct you to—fire: in other and more sigificant words, to open your purse, and just let the operator cool his fingers in it. *Gardez vous poches Citoyen.* A wink and a nod are to be held sufficient about a blind horse, but the dear-bought experience of many, fully proves, that strong cautions are necessary in regard to a spavined one.

From the cure of spavins to the practice of puffing, Messieurs, is no unmeaning gradation. Some weeks since, taking up a sunday newspaper, the particular business of which, it should seem, and I trust it is well paid for the labour, is to to raise puff-paste, for the service of the country; I was not at all surprised to observe the following puff —direct for the benefit of the veterinary college. "In a certain veterinary treatise, which has run through eleven editions, is a chapter expresly on the diseases of the gall-bladder, in the horse; when lo, and behold, from the more scientific investigations of the veterinary college, it comes out, a little unluckily, that the horse has no gall-bladder at all. Now it happens far more unfortunately for this bungling puffer, that any of our old veterinary writers would have informed him, that, if the horse has no gall-bladder, he has yet a gall-pipe, *porus biliarius*, and is much subject to biliary disease; which is a very satisfactory apology for a mere inadvertent misnomer in Mr. Taplin.

Were I to extend this article on veterinary puffing to many of our new and fine publications, I should now puff up the whole present number of the magazine; a certain delicate writer, however, who professes to paint, as well as to cure horses, must not be passed over, in pity to our turf gentlemen, who, it seems, are totally ruining the mouths of their race-horses, by pressing them with the bit. Nothing can be more beautiful, than this gentleman's book, nor more legible than the type thereof; through the medium of which, he tells us, at starting, of the wonderful discoveries he is about to make. Next come his reader's discoveries, which are, that the book consists of a conveniently brief abridgement of what had been written and abridged by upwards of fifty writers and compilers before him; the majority of whose abridgements, are gone to that very place, whither his own is hastening, or already arrived—the Capulets. Does that term imply the pastry cooks, or the band-box makers? I fear it will not save this large, comely, pretty book, that its practical author recommends preserving the load of hair upon a cart horse's leg, in order to keep it free from dirt; that he cures

cures wind-galls, by keeping the horse upon a hard pavement; or, that he advises to ride a race-horse without a pull!!!

A JOCKEY.

Newmarket, July 9th.

P. S. We are all alive, and in high training here, and very strong in cavalry.

HILL DARLEY, ESQ.

AFTER several applications, by counsel, during Trinity term in the court of King's Bench, as may be seen in our Magazine, page 123, for last month, and some fruitless objections taken to the verdict, Mr. Hill Darley, was on Tuesday the 28th ult. brought up to receive judgment: previous to which, application had been made to Mr. Justice Heath, who tried the indictment, to know of him, in what way he left the defendant's case with the jury, at the trial. The judge's answer was, that the question was expressly put to the jury, "Whether they considered the assault charged against the defendant to have been committed in consequence of *money won at play*, or in consequence of the irritating words made use of by the prosecutor? If they were satisfied of the first, they would say so by their verdict; but if they believed the violence to have been caused by the words only, and deemed it merely a common assault, then they would acquit the defendant." The jury found the defendant *guilty*. The fact being so explained, viz. that the assault was in consequence of *money won at play*, Mr. Darley was, according to the act of parliament, sentenced to be imprisoned in the county goal of Sussex, at Horsham, for two years, and all his goods and chattels forfeited to the king.

SINGULAR AND RECENT CAUSE OF LITIGATION.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune, having left a horse at a livery stable in the vicinity of Leicester-Fields for sale; which horse was six years old, sound, of his own breeding, and had never been out of his possession; communicated this circumstance to a few of his friends; from one of whom a gentleman receiving the information, went to take a survey of the horse; made a short trial in the street, and seemed to approve him; upon being told the lowest price was fifty guineas, after some pause he acquiesced in the proposal, and hesitatingly said, "he believed he should have him," adding, "if you will send him home, I will send you back the money." But immediately changing his plan, said, "if you will let a saddle and bridle be put upon the horse, I may as well ride him home, and your man may go with me for payment." Upon arriving at his residence in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, and dismounting, he desired the messenger to hold the horse while he went in to bring him out the money; but returning in a few minutes, desired the servant of the livery stable keeper, to take the horse back, with compliments to his master, that he had altered his mind and would not have the horse, as he did not like his shape and make behind. The stable keeper having reported the case to his employer; he, his attorney no doubt, and some friendly advisers, persist in its being a sale and delivery of the horse, and threaten a suit for the recovery of payment; the altercation is at this moment in progress, and time alone can determine the event.

SKETCH

SKETCH OF AN OLD UNLUCKY GAMESTER.

THERE is not, perhaps, in nature, a more deplorable being than an old unlucky gamester. His character is too well marked, he is too well known to be trusted. A man that has often been a bankrupt, and renewed trade on low compositions, may as well expect extensive credit, as such. His reputation is blasted; his constitution worn out by the extravagance and ill hours of his profession. He is now incapable of alluring his dupes; and, like a superannuated savage of the forest, he is starved for want of vigour to hunt after prey.

LUDICROUS ACTION OF ASSAULT,

Lately tried in the Marshalsea Court.

THE plaintiff, a respectable old man, upwards of eighty years of age, living at Turnham-Green, was riding his horse near Acton, in June last, when *a Pig* belonging to one of the defendants, who are *Modern Antiques*, ran under his horse, and nearly brought the animal and his rider to the ground. By the stumbling of the horse, the pig either frightened or hurt, cried most strenuously, and darted through a hedge. The old woman hearing the screams of her unfortunate pig, hastened to its assistance; but not seeing the animal, she concluded that it had been *killed* and *stolen* by the plaintiff; under this impression she alarmed her neighbour, the other old woman, and they both sallied out in pursuit of the plaintiff, vociferating with truly stentorian lungs, "*Stop Thief!*" This had the effect they wished, and the plaintiff was directly stopped. The defendants, attended by a great number of people, soon came up, and the old gentleman was charged with the *double crime* of *killing* and *stealing* the *pig*. In vain did he protest his innocence, and declared that he never was either actuated by malice, or harboured any design against the pig's life, although his own existence had been very much endangered by the silly conduct of that beast. The old ladies were inexorable; they insisted that he should restore the pig; they pulled him from his horse, dragged and *clawed* him at a most terrible rate for nearly an hour, until some of his neighbours coming past, vouched for his honesty, and rescued him from the fangs of those implacable viragoes. The pig, the cause of all the quarrel, was very soon after the battle found at home, in great health and spirits, eating most heartily, and seemingly unconscious of having been the cause of any disturbance. These facts being fully proved, and summed up by the learned judge, the jury, in consideration of the injurious treatment suffered by the plaintiff, which seemed the result of mistake rather than intention, found a verdict for the plaintiff, with twenty shillings damages, which in this court entitles him to costs.

SALE OF A WIFE.

A FELLOW lately conducted his wife with a halter round her waist, into the market-place of Sheffield, and announced publicly, that he wanted to sell *his cow*. She was put into the hands of a butcher, who acted as *auctioneer* on the occasion; and she was *knocked down* to a bystander for *one guinea!* the *cheapest cow* sold in that market for several years.

COMBATS.

COMBATS OF THE GLADIATORS.

THE gladiators were persons who generally fought in the arena at Rome, for the entertainment of the people. They were usually slaves, and fought out of necessity; though sometimes freemen made profession thereof, like our prize-fighters for a livelihood. The Romans borrowed this cruel diversion from the Asiatics: some suppose that there was policy in the practice, the frequent combats of gladiators tending to accustom the people to despise dangers and death.

The origin of such combats seems to be as follows:—From the earliest times with which we have any acquaintance in profane history, it had been the custom to sacrifice captives, or prisoners of war, to the manes of the great men who had died in the engagement: thus Achilles, in the Iliad, lib. xxiii. sacrifices twelve young Trojans to the manes of Patroclus; and in Virgil, lib. xi. ver. 81. Æneas sends captives to Evander, to be sacrificed at the funeral of his son Pallas. In course of time they came also to sacrifice slaves at the funerals of all persons of condition: this was even esteemed a necessary part of the ceremony; but as it would have appeared barbarous to have massacred them like beasts, they were appointed to fight with each other, that the life of one may be saved by killing his adversary. This seemed somewhat less inhuman, because there was a possibility of avoiding death, by an exertion of skill and courage. This occasioned the profession of gladiator to become an art: hence arose masters of the art, and men learned to fight and exercise it. These masters, whom the Latins called *lanistæ*, bought them slaves to be trained up to this cruel trade, whom they afterwards sold to such as had occasion to present the people with so horrible a show. These exhibitions were at first performed near the sepulchre of the deceased, or about the funeral pile; but were afterwards removed to the circus and amphitheatres, and became ordinary amusements.

The first show of gladiators, called *munus gladiatorum*, was exhibited at Rome, according to Valerius Maximus, by M. and D. Brutus, upon the death of their father, in the year of the city 490. On this occasion there were probably only three pair of gladiators. In 537, the three sons of M. Æmilius Lepidus the augur, who had been three times consul, entertained the people with the cruel pleasure of seeing twenty-two gladiators fight in the forum. In 547, the first Africanus diverted his army at New Carthage with a shew of gladiators, which he exhibited in honour of his father and uncle, who had begun the reduction of Spain. In process of time, the Romans became so fond of these bloody entertainments, that not only the heir of any great and rich citizen lately deceased, but all the principal magistrates, presented the people with shows of this nature, to procure their affection. The ædiles, prætors, consuls, and, above all, the candidates for offices, made their court to the people, by entertaining them frequently with these fights: and the priests were sometimes the exhibitors of the barbarous shows; for we meet with the *ludi pontificales* in Suetonius, August. cap. 44. and with the *ludi sacerdotales* in Pliny, Epist. lib. vii. As for the emperors, it was so much their interest to ingratiate themselves with the populace, that they obliged them with combats of the gladiators almost upon all occasions; and, as these increased, the number of combatants increased likewise. Accord-

ingly Julius Cæsar, in his ædileship, diverted the people with 320 couple. Titus exhibited a show of gladiators, wild beasts, and representations of sea fights, which lasted 100 days; and Trajan continued a solemnity of this nature for 123 days; during which time he brought out 1000 pair of gladiators. Before this time, under the republic, the number of gladiators was so great, that, when the conspiracy of Catiline broke out, the senate ordered them to be dispersed into the garrisons and secured, lest they should have joined the disaffected party.

These sports were become so common, and their consequences in a variety of respects so dangerous, that Cicero preferred a law that no person should exhibit a show of gladiators within two years before he appeared candidate for any office. Julius Cæsar ordered, that only a certain number of men of this profession should be in Rome at a time; Augustus decreed, that only two shows of gladiators should be presented in a year, and never above sixty couple of combatants in a show; and Tiberius provided, by an order of senate, that no person should have the privilege of gratifying the people with such a solemnity unless he was worth 400,000 sesterces. They were also considerably regulated by Nerva.

The Emperor Claudius restrained them to certain occasions: but he soon afterwards annulled what he decreed, and private persons began to exhibit them at pleasure as usual; and some carried the brutal satisfaction so far as to have them at their ordinary feasts. And not slaves only, but other persons, would hire themselves to this infamous office. The master of the gladiators made them all first swear that they would fight to death; and, if they failed, they were put to death either by fire or swords, clubs, whips, or the like. It was a crime for the wretches to complain when they were wounded, or to ask for death or to seek to avoid it when overcome; but it was usual for the emperor or the people to grant them life when they gave no signs of fear, but waited the fatal stroke with courage and intrepidity: Augustus even decreed that it should always be granted them.

From slaves and freed men the inhuman sport at length spread to people of rank and condition; so that Augustus was obliged to issue a public edict that none of the senatorian order should become gladiators; and soon after he laid the same restraint on the knights; nevertheless Nero is related to have brought upwards of 400 senators and 600 Roman knights upon the arena; though Lipsius takes both these numbers to be falsified; and, not without reason, reduces them to 40 senators and 60 knights: yet Domitian, that other monster of cruelty, refined upon Nero, exhibiting combats of women in the night-time.

Constantine the Great is said to have first prohibited the combats of the gladiators in the east. At least he forbade those who were condemned to death for their crimes to be employed; there being an order still extant to the *præfectus prætorii* rather to send them to work in the mines in lieu thereof: it is dated at Berytus, in Phœnicia, the 1st of October, 325.

The emperor Honorius forbade them at Rome, on occasion of the death of Telemachus, who, coming out of the east into Rome at the time of one of these spectacles, went down into the arena, and used all his endeavours to prevent the gladiators from continuing the sport; upon which the spectators of that carnage, fired with anger,

stoned

stoned him to death. It must be observed, however, that the practice was not entirely abolished in the west before Theodric king of the Ostrogoths. Honorius, on the occasion first mentioned, had prohibited them; but the prohibition does not seem to have been executed. Theodric, in the year 500, abolished them finally.

Some time before the day of combat, the person who presented the people with the shows, gave notice thereof by programmas or bills, containing the names of the gladiators, and the marks whereby they were to be distinguished: for each had his several badge; which was most commonly a peacock's feather, as appears from the scholiast of Juvenal on the 158th verse of the third satire, and Turnebus Advers. lib. ii. cap. 8. They also gave notice how long the shows would last, and how many couples of gladiators there were; and it even appears, that they made representations of these things in painting, as is practised among us by those who show wild beasts at fairs.

The day being come, they began the entertainment by bringing two kinds of weapons; the first were staves or wooden files, called *rudes*; and the second were effective weapons, as swords, poignards, &c. The first were called *arma lusoria*, or *exercitoria*; the second *decretoria*, as being given by decree or sentence of the prætor, or of him at whose expence the spectacle was exhibited. The combatants began to fence or skirmish with the first, which was to be the prelude to the battle; and from these, when well warmed, they advanced to the second at the sound of the trumpets when they instantly stripped and fought quite naked; and, if the vanquished surrendered up his arms, it was not in the victor's power to grant him life: it was the people during the time of the republic, and the prince or people during the time of the empire, that were alone empowered to grant the boon. The reward of the conqueror was a branch of palm-tree, and a sum of money, probably collected from among the spectators: sometimes they gave him his congé, or dismissed him by putting one of the wooden files or *rudis* in his hand; and sometimes they even gave him his freedom, putting the pileus on his head. The sign or indication, whereby the spectators showed that they granted the favour, was *premere pollicem*, which M. Dacier takes to be a clenching of the fingers of both hands between one another, and so holding the two thumbs upright close together; and when they would have the combat finished and the vanquished slain, *verterunt pollicem*, they bent back the thumb; which we learn from Juvenal, Sat. iii. v. 36. It was the pride of the vanquished gladiator, when he was doomed to die, and had received the mortal stroke, to fall honourably. Even when beat to the ground, and with just strength sufficient to support himself on his arm, he does not abandon himself to grief and dejection; but is solicitous to maintain that firmness of aspect which the gladiators valued themselves on preserving in this season of distress, and that attitude which they had learnt of the masters of defence. He must fear neither death, nor betray any token of sorrow by his countenance, nor shed one tear: *quis mediocris gladiator ingemuit, quis vultum mutavit unquam, quis non modo stetit, verum etiam decubuit turpiter*, says Cicero, in that part of his Tusculan where he is describing the astonishing firmness of those persons. And at this instant, notwithstanding his exhausted strength, and that he has but a moment to live, he is viewed with-

with attentive admiration, and the glory of the scene is to see him expire and fall without a groan, or without a symptom or expression that could betray the smallest desire of life!

After all that may be said in favour of the Roman gladiators, almost every modern reader shudders at the inhumanity of the practice— But it was also in this light that the great and good Emperor Marcus Antoninus considered it; the writer of his life therefore observes, that he took even the gladiators and rope-dancers under his care; and ordered that the first should only fight with foils instead of swords, and under the latter he commanded feather beds to be laid, to break the force of their fall. In consequence of these precautions, even after his time, the Romans used to hang up nets and sheets for the same purposes.

HORSEMANSHIP.

As connected with the Order and Progress of Chivalry.

(Continued from p. 45.)

THUS castles became the warehouses of all kinds of rich merchandise, and the prisons of the distressed females whose fathers or lovers had been plundered or slain; and who, being therefore seldom disposed to take the thief or murderer into favour, were in continual danger of a rape.

But as some are distinguished by virtue even in the most general defection, it happened that many lords insensibly associated to repress these sallies of violence and rapine, to secure property, and protect the ladies. Among these were many lords of great fiefs; and the association was at length strengthened by a solemn vow, and received the sanction of a religious ceremony. As the first knights were men of the highest rank, and the largest possessions, such having most to lose, and the least temptation to steal, the fraternity was regarded with a kind of reverence, even by those against whom it was formed. Admission into the order was deemed the highest honour; many extraordinary qualifications were required in a candidate, and many new ceremonies were added at his creation. After having fasted from sun-rise, confessed himself, and received the sacrament, he was dressed in a white tunic, and placed by himself at a side-table, where he was neither to speak, to smile, nor to eat; while the knights and ladies, who were to perform the principal parts of the ceremony, were eating, drinking, and making merry at the great table. At night his armour was conveyed to the church where the ceremony was performed; and here having watched it till the morning, he advanced with his sword hanging about his neck, and received the benediction of the priest. He then kneeled down before the lady who was to put on his armour, who being assisted by persons of the first rank, buckled on his spurs, put an helmet on his head, and accoutred him with a coat of mail, a cuirass, bracelets, cuisses, and gauntlets.

Being thus armed cap-a-pee, the knight who dubbed him struck him three times over the shoulder with the flat side of his sword, in the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George. He was then obliged to watch all night in his armour, with his sword girded, and his lance in his hand. From this time the knight devoted himself to the redress of those wrongs which "patient merit of the unworthy takes;" to secure merchants from the rapacious cruelty

elty of banditti, and women from ravishers, to whose power they were, by the particular confusion of the times, continually exposed.

From this view of the origin of chivalry, it will be easy to account for the castle, the moat, and the bridge, which are found in romances; and as to the dwarf, he was a constant appendage to the rank and fortune of those times, and no castle therefore could be without him. The dwarf and the buffoon were then introduced to kill time, as the card table is at present. It will also be easy to account for the multitude of captive ladies whom the knights, upon seizing a castle, set at liberty; and for the prodigious quantities of useless gold and silver vessels, rich stuffs, and other merchandise, with which many apartments in these castles are said to have been filled.

The principal lords who entered into the confraternity of knights, used to send their sons to each other to be educated, far from their parents, in the mystery of chivalry. These youths, before they arrived at the age of 21, were called bachellors, or bas chevaliers, inferior knights, and at that age were qualified to receive the order.

So honourable was the origin of an institution, commonly considered as the result of caprice and the source of extravagance; but which, on the contrary, rose naturally from the state of society in those times, and had a very serious effect in refining the manners of the European nations. Valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, honour, were its characteristics: and to these were added religion; which, by infusing a large portion of enthusiastic zeal, carried them all to a romantic excess, wonderfully suited to the genius of the age, and productive of the greatest and most permanent effects both upon policy and manners. War was carried on with less ferocity, when humanity, no less than courage, came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood, and knighthood a distinction superior to royalty, and an honour which princes were proud to receive from the hands of private gentlemen; more gentle and polished manners were introduced, when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues, and every knight devoted himself to the service of a lady; violence and oppression decreased, when it was accounted meritorious to check and to punish them; a scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, but particularly those between the sexes as more easily violated, became the distinguishing character of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honour, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to that point; and valour, seconded by so many motives of love, religion, and virtue, became altogether irresistible.

That the spirit of chivalry sometimes rose to an extravagant height, and had often a pernicious tendency, must however be allowed. In Spain, under the influence of a romantic gallantry, it gave birth to a series of wild adventures; for the ardour of redressing wrongs seized many knights so powerfully, that, attended by esquires, they wandered about in search of objects whose misfortunes and misery required their assistance and succour. And as ladies engaged more particularly their attention, the relief of unfortunate damsels was the achievement they most courted. This was the rise of knights-errant, whose adventures produced so many romantic novels; but the love of the marvellous came to interfere; fancy was indulged in her wildest exaggerations;

gerations; and poetry gave her charms to the most monstrous fictions, and to scenes the most unnatural and gigantic, until they were deservedly ridiculed in the character of Don Quixote, &c.

In the train of Norman ambition, it extinguished the liberties of England, and deluged Italy in blood; and at the call of superstition, and as the engine of papal power, it desolated Asia under the banner of the cross. But these ought not to be considered as arguments against an institution laudable in itself, and necessary at the time of its foundation: and those who pretend to despise it, the advocates of ancient barbarism and ancient rusticity, ought to remember, that chivalry not only first taught mankind to carry the civilities of peace into the operations of war, and to mingle politeness with the use of the sword; but roused the soul from its lethargy, invigorated the human character even while it softened it, and produced exploits which antiquity cannot parallel. Nor ought they to forget, that it gave variety, elegance, and pleasure, to the intercourse of life, by making woman a more essential part of society; and is therefore entitled to our gratitude, though the point of honour, and the refinements in gallantry, its more doubtful effects, should be excluded from the improvement of modern manners.

To illustrate this topic more particularly, we may observe, that women, among the ancient Greeks and Romans, seem to have been considered merely as objects of sensuality, or of domestic conveniency: they were devoted to a state of seclusion and obscurity, had few attentions paid them, and were permitted to take as little share in the conversation as in the general commerce of life. But the northern nations, who paid a kind of devotion to the softer sex, even in their native forests, had no sooner settled themselves in the provinces of the Roman empire, than the female character began to assume new consequence. Those fierce barbarians, who seemed to thirst only for blood, who involved in one undistinguishing ruin the monuments of ancient grandeur and ancient ingenuity, and who devoted to the flames the knowledge of ages, always forbore to offer any violence to the women. They brought along with them the respectful gallantry of the north, which had power even to restrain their savage ferocity; and they introduced into the west of Europe a generosity of sentiment, and a complaisance toward the ladies, to which the most polished nations of antiquity were strangers.—These sentiments of generous gallantry were fostered by the institution of chivalry, which lifted woman yet higher in the scale of life. Instead of being nobody in society, she became its primum mobile. Every knight devoting himself to danger, declared himself the humble servant of some lady, and that lady was often the object of his love. Her honour was supposed to be intimately connected with his, and her smile was the reward of his valour: for her he attacked, for her he defended, and for her he shed his blood. Courage, animated by so powerful a motive, lost sight of every thing but enterprise: incredible toils were cheerfully endured, incredible actions were performed, and adventures seemingly fabulous were more than realised. The effect was reciprocal. Women, proud of their influence, became worthy of the heroism which they had inspired: they were not to be approached but by the high-minded and the brave; and men then could only be admitted to the bosom of the chaste fair,

fair, after proving their fidelity and affection by years of perseverance and of peril.

Again, as to the change which took place in the operations of war, it may be observed, that the perfect hero of antiquity was superior to fear, but he made use of every artifice to annoy his enemy: impelled by animosity and hostile passion, like the savage in the American woods, he was only anxious of attaining his end, without regarding whether fraud or force were the means. But the true knight or modern hero of the middle ages, who seems in all his rencounters to have had his eye on the judicial combat or judgment of God, had an equal contempt for stratagem and danger. He disdained to take advantage of his enemy: he desired only to see him, and to combat him upon equal terms, trusting that heaven would declare in behalf of the just; and as he professed only to vindicate the cause of religion, of injured beauty, or oppressed innocence, he was further confirmed in this enthusiastic opinion by his own imagination.—Strongly persuaded that the decision must be in his favour, he fought as if under the influence of divine inspiration, rather than of military ardour. Thus the system of chivalry, by a singular combination of manners, blended the heroic and sanctified characters, united devotion and valour, zeal and gallantry, and reconciled the love of God, and of the ladies.

At the court of every prince, count, or baron, jousts and tournaments became the favourite amusements. Instead of the gladiators and naked spectacles which corrupted the manners of the Greeks and Romans, and banished from the stadium the virgins and matrons, the pompous decoration of the lists was crowned with the presence of chaste and high-born beauty, from whose hands the conqueror received the prize of his dexterity and courage. The skill and strength that were exerted in wrestling and boxing, bear a distant and doubtful relation to the merit of a soldier; but the tilts and tournaments, as they were invented in France, and practised in England, and eagerly adopted both in the east and west, presented a lively image of the business of the field. The single combats, the general skirmish, the defence of a pass or castle, were rehearsed as in actual battle; and the contest, both in real and mimic war, was decided by the superior management of the horse and lance. At these entertainments, skill in arms, devotion to the fair, and generous courtesy, were all at once cultivated. The asperity of national prejudice was softened; and the community of religion and arms spread a similar colour and generous emulation over the face of Christendom. Abroad, in enterprise and pilgrimage; at home, in martial exercise, the warriors of every country were perpetually associated; and impartial taste must prefer tilts and tournaments to the Olympic games of classic antiquity. At these martial entertainments, each knight was attended to the tournament by his faithful squire, a youth of equal birth and similar hopes; he was followed by his archers and men at arms; and four, or five, or six soldiers, were computed as the furniture of a complete lance. The lance was the proper and peculiar weapon of the knight: his horse was of a large and heavy breed; but this charger, till he was roused by approaching danger, was usually led by an attendant, and he quietly rode a pad or palfrey of a more easy pace. His helmet and sword, his greaves and buckler, it would be superfluous to describe; but I may

may remark, that at the period of the crusades, the armour was less ponderous than in latter times; and that, instead of a massy cuirass, his breast was defended by an hauberk or coat of mail. When their long lances were fixed in the rest, the warriors furiously spurred their horses against the foe; and the light cavalry of the Turks and Arabs could seldom stand against the direct and impetuous weight of their charge. In the expeditions to the neighbouring kingdoms, or the Holy Land, the duties of the feudal tenure no longer subsisted; the voluntary service of the knights and their followers was either prompted by zeal or attachment, or purchased with rewards and promises; and the numbers of each squadron were measured by the power, the wealth, and the fame, of each independent chieftain. They were distinguished by his banner, his armorial coat, and his cry of war; and the most ancient families of Europe must seek in these achievements the origin and proof of their nobility. From what has been said, we might trace a strong resemblance between the manners of the age of chivalry, and those of the old heroic ages delineated by Homer.

The military enthusiasm of the barons is but of a piece with the fanaticism of the heroes. Hence the same particularity of description in the accounts of battles, wounds, deaths, in the Greek poet as in the Gothic romancers. Hence that minute curiosity in the display of their dresses, arms, and accoutrements. The minds of all men being occupied with warlike images and ideas, were much gratified by those details, which appear cold and unaffecting to modern readers.

We hear much of knights-errant encountering giants and quelling savages in books of chivalry. These giants were oppressive feudal lords; and every lord was to be met with, like the giant, in his strong hold or castle. Their dependents of a lower form, who imitated the violence of their superiors, and had not their castles, but lurking places, were the savages of romance. The greater lord was called a giant for his power; the less, a savage for his brutality.

Another terror of the Gothic ages was monsters, dragons, and serpents. Their stories were received in those days for several reasons: 1. From the vulgar belief of enchantments. 2. From their being reported on the faith of eastern tradition, by adventurers from the Holy Land. 3. In still later times from the strange things told and believed on the discovery of the new world.

In all these respects, Greek antiquity resembles the Gothic. For what are Homer's Læstrigons and Cyclops, but bands of lawless savages, with each of them a giant of enormous size at their head? And what are the Grecian Bacchus, Hercules, and Theseus, but knights-errant, the exact counterparts of Sir Launcelot and Amadis de Gaul?

With the greatest fierceness and savageness of character, the utmost generosity, hospitality, and courtesy, were imputed to the heroic ages. Achilles was at once the most relentless, vindictive, implacable, and friendliest of men. We have the very same representation in the age of chivalry. As in those lawless times, dangers and distresses of all kinds abounded, there would be the same demand for compassion, gentleness, and generous attachments to the unfortunate, those especially of their own clan, as of resentment, rage, and animosity, against their enemies.

(To be continued.)

THE

THE ADVANTAGES

OF

Preserving the Martin, the Swallow, and the Swift.

MR. EDITOR,

IN my morning walks about the metropolis, towards the latter end of August, I seldom stray from one field to another, that I do not meet with young men qualifying themselves against the approaching season, for what they call *a good shot.* Not a *Martin*, *Swift*, or *Swallow*, divides the atmosphere with its playful wings, that is not interrupted by the tube of death. I would modestly ask these gentlemen, if a better mode could not be adopted for their improvement, than taking the lives of harmless and useful creatures. I think, with the greatest submission, a substitute might be found; and that infinitely more to the credit and advantage of the young practitioners.

I have seen Mr. Bray, gamekeeper to Sir J. Dyke, a sportsman, who had the honour to teach some of the first *shots* in this kingdom, do without this mode of slaughter. He would make fast a cricket-ball to a string, and sling it to a great height in the air, and this he would hit, upon the return, for any moderate wager, five times in seven. I will leave it to the judgment of the juvenile sportsman to determine, if there is not as much practice to be acquired by the game-keepers method, as in destroying of *Martins*, *Swallows*, and *Swifts*.

In almost every village in America, these birds are held in the same sort of veneration the Egyptians shew to the Ibis of the Nile. At the season when they are expected to return, I have seen the villagers, as it were, make a little holiday; and cleanly arrange, in the front of their houses, small square boxes, some of them prettily adorned, and many painted quite gaudily; and all this preparation, only to induce these vagrant birds to sojourn, and peaceably enjoy their months of incubation. And I can assure my countrymen, that this solicitation of the Americans, arises from no childish prejudice, no weakness of attachment; but, from a sublime policy, of which the late Dr. Franklin used to say,

> Be kind to the Swallow,
> And profit shall follow.

And in this, that wise legislator was perfectly right; for one great article of the farmer's traffic, is their poultry: and at the season when these are young and helpless, birds of prey are frequently seen hovering over head, to devour their stock. At this time, is the Doctor's distich exemplified; for, the moment the enemy appears above, the swallows, &c. give the alarm; and all within sight and hearing, congregating, mount to attack the tyrant; and this they fail not to do, till they have fairly driven him away, and the farmer's helpless stock are perfectly in safety. If any one of our qualifying sportsmen, will take the trouble to look into this thing, he may observe a similar economy. The swallows, &c. are birds of passage, and over his own threshold, bring with them the same inclination to attack the common enemy; and of course, the same advantages must arise to the husbandman, &c. with us, as with those of America. This I think will be sufficient to shew the impolicy of destroying our pilgrim friends for sport; and, more especially, when a substitute may so easily be found for acquiring those accomplishments; without which, I own, no sportsman can with satisfaction to himself enter the field.

A PROVINCIAL

A PROVINCIAL PLAY BILL.

THEATRE—WARE.

MR. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. J. Johnson, Mr. C. Johnson, Mr. Johnson, jun. and Master Johnson, as well as the two Misses Johnson, present their most respectful compliments to the inhabitants of Ware, and its vicinity; and acquaint them, that they are now performing at the Theatre, at Ware, to splendid, enraptured, and overflowing audiences, with unlimited, but not unmerited approbation The Johnson family intend not to make this notice a vehicle of self-adulation. Conscious that as "good wine needs no bush," good playing needs no puffing—unless it be that puffing and blowing necessary to give effect to the scene, and in which they might say they excel—they leave it to London, and other inferior actors to puff themselves. That the public, however, may have an opportunity of convincing themselves to the summit of their wish, of their individual and collective excellence, they transmit them a bill for their perusal.

ALMOST THE LAST NIGHT,

And by particular Desire of several of the first Rank and Fashion.

On WEDNESDAY Evening,

For the Benefit of JOHNSON, Jun.

Will be presented, the Favourite Comic Opera of

LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

Hawthorn, in a superlative style of excellence, Mr. Johnson, jun.
Hodge, according to the genuine simplicity of nature, Mr Johnson.
Justice Woodcock, with original comic humour, Mr. J. Johnson.
Meadows, with astonishing vocal abilities, Mr. C. Johnson.
Rosetta, in a manner that cannot be equalled, Miss Johnson.
Mudge, who will not o'erstep the modesty of nature, Mrs. Johnson.
And *Lucinda* will be well sustained, by Miss M. Johnson.

End of the Play, the following Entertainments.

The Comic Songs of the Countryman in London, and a Planxty in favour of Ireland, by Mr. Johnson.

The Favourite Pantomime of the Humors of a French Public House; with a Boxing Match between a Frenchman and a Hairdresser.

Quaker, with primitive chasteness, Mr. Johnson.
Conjuror, with appropriate cunning, Mr. J. Johnson.
Boy, *an Arch Humorist*, Master Johnson.
Cuddy Clodpate the Clown, with a rich display of comicality, Mr. C. Johnson.
Landlady, an excellent personification, Mrs. Johnson.

To which will be added, the Farce of

THE LYING VALET.

Sharp, a fellow of infinite jest, Mr. Johnson, Jun.
Gayless, with great justice to the part, Mr. J. Johnson.
Justice Guttle, in a capital manner, Mr. Johnson.
Mellissa, with her usual excellence, Mrs. Johnson.
Kitty Pry, in which she will evince much comic talent, Miss Johnson.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The Chorus by some Gentlemen of Ware.

The Ware Band will attend.

*** Tickets to be had at all the Public Houses, and of Mr. Johnson.

PIT 1s.—GALLERY 6d.
Tradesmen and Children 3d each.

PLEASANTRIES
OF THE LATE
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

DR. Goldsmith discovered, at a very early period, signs of genius that engaged the notice of all the friends of the family, and at the age of seven or eight evinced a natural turn for rhyming.—The following instance of his early wit is handed down. A large company of young people were assembled one evening at his uncle's, and Oliver, then but nine years old, was required to dance an hornpipe—a youth playing at the same time on a fiddle. Being but newly recovered from the small-pox, by which he was much disfigured, and his figure being short and thick, the musician, very archly as he supposed, compared him to Æsop dancing; and still harping on this idea, which he conceived to be very bright, the laugh was suddenly turned against him by Oliver's stopping short in the dance with this retort:

"Our herald hath proclaim'd this saying,
"See Æsop dancing, and his monkey playing."

This smart reply decided his fortune; for, from that time, it was determined to send him to the university. With this view he has removed to the school of Ashton, and from thence, after remaining two years, to Edgworthyton, distance about twenty miles from his home. In his last journey to this school, he had an adventure, which is thought to have suggested the plot of his "Mistakes of a Night."

Some friend had given him a guinea, and in his way to Edgworthyton he had diverted himself the whole day by viewing the gentlemen's seats on the road, until at the fall of night he found himself in a small town named Ardah. Here he inquired for the best house in the place, meaning an inn; but being understood too literally, he was shewn to the house of a private gentleman, when calling for somebody to take his horse, and lead him to the stable, he alighted and was shewn into the parlour, being supposed a guest come to visit the master, whom he found sitting by a good fire. This gentleman immediately discovered Oliver's mistake; and being a man of humour, and also learning from him the name of his father, who happened to be his acquaintance, he encouraged his deception. Oliver accordingly called about him, ordered a good supper, and generously invited the master, his wife and daughters, to partake of it; treated them with a bottle or two of wine, and at going to bed, ordered a hot cake to be prepared for his breakfast: nor was it till his departure, when he called for his bill, that he found he had been hospitably entertained in a private house.

MODERN POLITICIANS.

BEN Brown, and George Green, two hard working politicians, were sitting at an ale-house door, imbibing the chemical potency of a pot of porter, when Ben observed with great gravity, that this *here* new war could not fail to be of *wast* benefit to Old England.—"I do not see that," replied George, who happened to be of a different opinion.—"Then, I will shew it you," rejoined Ben; "we shall presently have *Malt-a* all to ourselves.—"What, then?" quoth George—"What, then," re-echoed Ben—"Why, it is as plain as the froth upon this *here* tankard; when we have *Malt-a* all to ourselves, the roguish brewers will be able to make us better porter. So here's t'ye George."

HUNTER'S HOME.

A Ramble to it, from Portsmouth, through Tichfield, Bursledon, and Netley-Abbey. With a humorous description of my Landlady, Mrs. Diaper, and her Husband, Mr. Mark Diaper. With a set-down at Southampton.

Let me, with quiet, trace the rural scene,
And look thro' Nature, ruffled, or serene;
Commend where Merit lifts a modest face,
And shield her from the insults of the base.
Record examples worthy to be known,
And from Time's early tablets, deck my own.

ON Sunday morning, while the Grand Fleet under the command of Lord Howe, was firing its tremendous ordnance, a signal to unbend and bear down Channel, I quitted Portsea, and crossed to Gosport; soon turned my back upon the sanguiferous exertions of Mars, to enjoy scenes more conjenial with the quiet purposes of my soul. The lilac was in full blossom, and the hawthorn opening its silver beauties to the all-reviving orb of day; the larks were floating in æther, and seemed to me more tuneful than they were wont; the humbler birds, as if ashamed to be out-done in gratitude, perch'd on the tip-top branches, baring their brilliant bosoms to the beaming god, stretching their downy throats, and pouring notes of sweetest minstrelsey. I presently forgot the cannon's roar, and all the pomp and circumstance of war, and at the turnpike, about a mile on the high road, took the cross-way to Southampton; and after a pleasant walk of eight miles, arrived at Tichfield, a charming village, healthfully situated, with a trout stream winding thro' some of the finest meadows in Europe. I know of no place, where a gentleman of rational propensities can retire for study, or to avoid the bustle of impertinence, better than to this tranquil station; for, it is out of the dusty stage-coach road, and yet within an hour's ride of Winchester, Portsmouth, and Southampton, and as short a sail to the Isle of Wight. In Tichfield, but few remains of antiquity are to be discovered Bugle-Hall, once the seat of the Wriothesleys, but now the property of Wm. Gunthorpe, Esq. is happily situated; and the Abbey, though of no considerable magnitude, particularly calculated to attach veneration. Here is a noble monument to the memory of Barbary Villiers, mother of the Fitzroy family, and once a favourite beauty of the amorous Charles. This Abbey, anciently belonged to the order of Præmonstrants, an order so rare in itself, that no one could become of its fraternity, who had not in the most eminent degree, shewn examples of good works.

From Tichfield, I took my way over a heath four miles in extent, to the ferry of Bursledon, so called, from a village built in a crescented form, over a small bay; the acclivity of the hill on which the town stands is sudden, and the houses, intermingled with spreading trees, present a pleasing and romantic appearance. It was here, for the first time of my life, I saw water poured from the mouth of a linen sack; the novelty of the thing occasioned inquiry; and I found from the exhibitor of the trick, an old Gloucestershire clothier, that it was a practice he had used for many years, to the great wonder of his neighbours, and for which he had the reputation of a conjuror; and some old women were so alarmed when they met him, that they would hobble out of his way, to avoid the influence of the evil spirit, they believed to possess him; "but, this, Sir," said he, "is exceedingly ridiculous, as you will perceive; for I never make a mystery of any singularity I may practise before persons

sons of information. Therefore, if you are inclined to try the experiment, I give it freely; and you may presently produce a similar effect.

"I take twelve pounds of roach allum, three ounces of isinglass, and three ounces of sugar of lead, with one ounce of hard soap, dissolved in hot water; and this will saturate enough, to water-proof all the farmer's sacks in the neighbourhood." I set down this on my tablet, and thanked the old man, as he went tottering with his sack of water from the bay, up to the village. Who knows, if the pompous company near London, who puff off their manufactory with such high sounding assurances, have in fact, higher pretensions to public favour, than the old clothier at Bursledon.

Here is also a good yard for ship building, in which, at this moment, a fine frigate is ready for launching; a plentiful fishery also, partly supplies the surrounding markets. Craw-fish, of three pounds weight, are caught here, and of the most delicious flavour. Patterson, in his Book of the Roads, has not noticed this cross-way; therefore, I think it necessary to do so, as here is, by day and night, a speedy ferry for man, horse, or chaise, and nearer by ten miles to Southampton, than the high way through Botley; a grand object to a pedestrian, when weary and panting for rest and refreshment, which was in no respect the case with me, for I had heard of Netley Abbey in my journey, and turned full a mile out of the way, to visit that beautiful mass of monastic ruins. A countryman I overtook, upon inquiry, informed me, Mr. Dance was lord of the manor of Netley, and that his game-keeper Mr. Coles lived in a house at hand, and that he would send his son with me as a guide to the Abbey; this I found to be strictly true, and the young sportsman and myself went on together, till we entered the solemn shades of that ancient edifice.

These beautiful remains of the liberal Rupipus are situated near the Southampton waters, about three miles S. E. of the town, surrounded by grounds gently rising, and covered with woods of a very romantic appearance. Most of the apartments belonging to this religious foundation still exist; but the church exhibits a melancholy picture of desolation, not an arch or pillar of the nave remaining entire. The east window, richly ornamented, contains an elegant circular compartment. The west end is terminated by a lofty window, finely mantled with ivy. The space between the east and west extremities, is nearly choaked with a heap of ruins, agreeably covered with moss, briars, hawthorn, and ash; affording at first sight, one of those scenes that strike with reverence, and in which a Zeno might prefer to teach his quiet philosophy. The south transept is almost perfect, the roof excepted, which formerly must have been curiously arched, as appears from a suspending fragment in imminent danger of falling.

Perhaps no remains of clerical grandeur in this or any other kingdom, has had more fashionable visitors, or learned investigators within its walls, or employed the pencils of so many artists.

Among many other circumstances of information, my young conductor, whom I found a very rational moralist for one of his standing, informed me with an air of the greatest solemnity, as we entered the fountain-court, that great treasures had been found within the walls of the Abbey; "and here, Sir," said Coles, pointing to a deep chasm, "some time ago was found an iron chest full of gold. An elderly man of Netley, who was at plough in a neighbouring field, dreamed the

night

night before; that money was hidden in this place. Not contented till he had made the search, he went with the boy who drove the plough, to the ruin, and cutting away the ivy, opened the recess, and there found a coffer of great antiquity, but not being able to open it, put his horses to, and drew it into a field; where, for the present, he contented himself with covering his prize with bushes, enjoining the boy to the greatest secrecy. But the lad telling the tale to the master, he went in the night, and drew the casket to the farm-house; where he soon found means to possess himself of the treasure: but the contemptible villain, to prevent discovery, got the poor boy pressed, and sent to sea; and the lad was never after heard of. The ploughman who first found the prize set up in business, and prospered very well; but, the unnatural and treacherous wretch who took it from him, never did good with the property, for himself or for others; but fell a martyr to the stings of conscience, and excess of drinking, and at last went a miserable beggar to the grave."

Such was the little tale told me by my young friend; and as it is replete with morality, I could not with-hold it from your knowledge. To corroborate the fact, he attempted to shew me some writing on the place, to commemorate the discovery; but this, I confess, was not so satisfactory, as the recital of the event was entertaining.

We now crossed a corn field to the west, and entered the place called the Abbey Fort, which appeared once to have been of great strength, and is now so rustically clad in briars, ivy, and trees, and so moated and flanked with aquatic weeds, that every artist who beholds it, must be happy to describe it on his tablet.

The lad had by this time abundantly gratified my inquisitive mind, and I presented him my largess for his trouble. Coles shewed me to the stile of a romantic wood, through which my way led to Southampton, and there we parted. I entered this umbrageous retreat with pleasure; it appeared to me well stocked with noble oaks, the underwood in many places cleared away, and the whole bottom covered with full blown blue bells, &c. which, together with the yellow bloom of the broom bushes, diffused such a strength of rich odour, as I could barely sustain the effect of. Half way through this wood, in a deep dell, is a rundlet of water, clear and harmless as the unpolluted mind of my dear Louisa; whose image at that moment ran in my thought; and I wished her with me, that her tender hand might cull a bouquet of the vernal beauties that surrounded me.

I was here thirsty, and found an inclination to gratify this natural want; but I had no vase, and how was I to drink of the current? In a moment, it came to my recollection, that Diogenes had said, to mortify human pride, "That man in reality, wanted for nothing; and that he ought not to lay up, so much as a goblet, for the gods had so kindly considered him, as to give the hollow of his hand for a bason." Instantly I stood across the rundlet, to slack my craving thirst, and as soon convinced myself of the truth uttered by that Cynic of antiquity.

As I quitted this retreat, worthy of a Sylvan deity, the country opened to my view a wide range of grand scenery; a beautiful river of great breadth, washing the old walls of Southampton, skirted with a fine extent of the new forest, and other adornments hardly equalled in the whole country—"While sea, and earth, and Heaven, upon each other smil'd." I entered a bushy covert at the back of a village, called

called Weston; where, I was suddenly arrested, not by one of those merciless monsters of the law, authorized to multiply miseries upon misfortune; but, by the voice of that divine minstrel of the spring, the nightingale: the harmony of his song so wrought upon me, that I became as it were fascinated.

What a pity that so much perfection should work itself an enemy; but it is equally so in human life; the greater a man's merits, the more certain is he to attach the enmity of the malignant. At this moment, a hawk, intent on blood, dashed on the thicket that contained the object of my admiration, and the author of my enchantment; in a moment I quitted my station, and diverted the marauder another way; disappointed, he fled across the waters, and in less than five minutes, my friendship and assiduity was rewarded with another strain as tuneful, and as eloquent as the former. After this pleasing peregrination, I passed Walsen, the seat of Mr. Dance, late Mr. Dummer's; took my way for Itchin, sixteen miles from Gosport; sat down at *Hunter's Home* with my landlady, Mrs. Diaper, to a repast composed of all that was good and comfortable. Finding my reception particularly acceptable, I resolved to make the most of it—and then for the birthplace of Sir Bevois.

DESCRIPTION OF MRS. DIAPER, HOSTESS OF HUNTER'S HOME.

What Justice dictates, let me never spare;
Here, the best Horse, is still the sorrel Mare.

Mrs. Diaper is somewhat under the standard of six feet; the front part of her head is not unlike what the sign painters make for the resemblance of the full moon; her hair is of a vermillion colour, made shining and smooth by such a substance as gave brilliancy to the beard of Aaron; her features are by no means unpleasant, though her double chin appears like two bags of red lead, faintly compressed together; her plump cheeks, covered with roses, seem to say to the rouge of fashion, how contemptible art thou when compared to the efforts of sublime nature! her neck, which is of the same complexion with her cheeks, must remind us of the buffalo; may it never bear the yokes of slavery; her scapulary extention seemed to testify her descent from the giants of old, and more fit for the largest pair of Hantonian milk pails, than the shawls of Patna, or the muslins of Malabar; her breasts, rather prominent, have the resemblance of two neighbouring mole-hills; and her waist, not unlike a kitchen biggin, turned the small end upwards; her hips, extending wider than her shoulders, set off an abdominous protuberancy, like a new inflated balloon; her legs, being covered, I could not come at their dimensions, but her feet appeared to me in no way unlike the pedestals of the camel of the Arabian desert; her arms, two German puddings, but infinitely larger in their circumference, while every finger exhibited an arm in miniature; and, to set off these graces, she is perfectly clean and comfortable.

HER MIND.

Her mother must have been a good woman, for mine hostess possesses a vast quantity of the milk of human kindness; and is liberal beyond the praise of my foolish pen. She always meets you with a smile, and all her study seems for your accommodation. In her bill of charges she is less extortionate than a traveller may expect so near the resort of the rich and courtly.

I had

I had not been so minutely circumstantial, but that the peripatetic philosopher, who has not much gold to part with, may call in his way at *Hunter's Home*, and find comfort with Mrs. Diaper, the Royal Oak, at Itchin Ferry. As to Mr. Mark Diaper, he is a good-natured little fisherman; and appears like the lesser lights of heaven, only to reflect the brilliancy of the greater luminary. I know not what Lavater would say of this humble pair; but if he should give a different description, I shall never bring my mind to become his disciple.

"I have seen the unseemly casket open'd to the view,
Contain a brighter gem than art e'er set within
The collects of a royal diadem.

Sufficiently refreshed at *Hunter's Home**, I crossed the ferry, and landed at the Stone Cross House, a small building, open to the Cardinal Quarters, yet a friendly shelter in foul weather; for, by entering the recess to the leeward, the traveller may defy the rain, and laugh at the blustering winds that assail him. This accommodation was the offspring of pity and piety. A lady of delicacy, once waiting, when there was no shelter, for the lazy ferryman, caught cold and died; but to prevent the like disaster, left a sum to build Stone Cross House, 1634, and twenty shillings a year to keep it in repair for ever.

Chill'd by the elements, she pin'd and died,
But first this lasting legacy she gave,
That folks might turn the shafts of death aside,
Nor sink, like her, untimely to the grave.

And now passing a delightful meadow, skirted with a double row of lofty trees, and a public walk of some extent, I cast my eye on that beech so celebrated by Henry of Huntingdon, for being the place where the first Canute reproved his courtiers for their unbounded flattery.

A sycophant of his train would persuade the king that he had the powers of a god, and that all nature listened to his mandate with reverence, and to obey him. The king, no doubt, subject to this kind of dissimulation, resolved to put his own omnipotence to the trial. To that end, Canute walked on this beach with his courtiers, till they came to the waters of the rising tide, where, commanding a chair to be placed, he permitted the waves to roll upon his feet, and, calling the sycophants to attend him, Canute thus addressed the insolent element—"Thou art under my dominion, rude waters, and the land on which I sit is mine, nor did any one ever disobey my commands without punishment, therefore, I command thee to recede, and not to wet the feet or garments of thy royal master." Notwithstanding this, the waters rushed upon his feet, and mounted to his knees, from which, the king retreating, thus addressed the locusts that surrounded him—"Hence, let all the inhabitants of the earth know that the power of monarchs is a vain and empty thing, and that no one truly deserves the name of majesty, but He, whose will, by an eternal decree, the heavens, the earth, and seas obey. Nor would Canute ever after suffer the crown to rest on his own head, but caused it to be placed on the image of Christ, at Winchester. As a corroboration,

* The sportsman, or artist, who may travel to *Hunter's Home*, is requested to notice the old ivy-covered mansion, at the entrance of the wood. It is a rich object, and worthy the attention of a Moreland, Turner, or Ibbotson.

all

all the latter coins of Canute seem to confirm this story; for we find the covering of the head to be a triangular cap, as that on the coin of St. Edward.

From Canute's Beach I entered the lower gate, and being inclined to finish my ramble for the day, fell in with good company, and made my set-down in the delightful corporation of Southampton.

T. N.

A PROCESSION, CONVERTED INTO A RACE.

IN Anderson's Embassy to China, chap. 13, he relates the attempt of Colonel Benson, to form a procession, to precede the palanquin of the British ambassador, Lord Macartney. But the morning being dark, the relator says, they could not distinguish each other; the manœuvre, therefore, was of very short duration, as the bearers moved so much too fast for the solemnity, that, instead of marching before it with a grave pace, we were glad to follow it with a quick one. Indeed, whether it was the attraction of our music, or any accidental circumstance, I know not, but we soon found ourselves intermingled with a cohort of pigs, asses, and dogs, which broke our ranks, and threw us into irrecoverable confusion. All formality of procession was, of course, at an end; and the ambassador's palanquin so far advanced before, as to render some smart running necessary to overtake it. At length, arriving in this state of confusion, at the Emperor's palace, the pedestrian part of the procession were completely out of breath. In short, it appeared ridiculous to most of those concerned in it, to attempt to make a parade which no one could see.

LAW.

Court of King's Bench, July 4.

HORSES KILLED AND INJURED.

STUTCHBURG *v.* WALKER.

THIS was an action brought to recover L.24, the price of a horse, which had been killed by the unskilful driving of a post-chaise by the defendant's servant.

The plaintiff's servant said, he was riding this horse on his own side of the way, only at the rate of two or three miles an hour. The defendant's servant was sitting on the bar, and driving at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. He said, he was upon his own side of the way when the accident happened: and if he had chosen, he might have prevented it.

Lord Ellenborough here interposed, and observed, that as the plaintiff's servant had deposed that he might have prevented the accident, by going out of his own side of the road, he thought this action could not be maintained.

Plaintiff nonsuited.

JULY 6.

DEAN *v.* BRAITHWAITE.

THIS was an action for a trespass committed by defendant. The declaration stated, that the plaintiff let to the defendant four horses, to convey him to Epsom, under the care of two experienced drivers, and that the defendant by force of arms, on the same day took possession of two of the same horses, and drove and beat one of them till he died, and so distressed the other that he fell sick, and was diseased for a considerable time, to the great injury of the plaintiff. To this the defendant pleaded a special justification, in saying, that the plaintiff's servant was drunk

and incapable of performing the journey, and that defendant was compelled to drive himself.

The case made out on the part of the plaintiff was, that Captain Braithwaite and Major Morgan set out from Fladdon's Hotel, in Oxford-street, at eleven o'clock in the morning of the 26th of May, on their way to Epsom. Defendant's carriage was drawn by four hack horses belonging to the plaintiff. Major Morgan and Captain Braithwaite rode on the *barruche*, their valets sat cheek-by-jole in the carriage. When they had reached Wandsworth Common, Captain Braithwaite, who wished to be at Epsom time enough for the Darby Stakes, complained the post-boys did not drive fast enough, though going nearly eight miles an hour, and caused the carriage to be stopped, insisting that he would himself drive the leaders. The post-boy would not be displaced, on which defendant pulled him off his horse, hurt him exceedingly, and left him by the way-side, then mounted and galloped off at full speed. The day was exceedingly hot, and defendant found himself tired at driving post. He alighted, and Major Morgan's Valet supplied his place. He also grew fatigued after a while, and a third person finished the journey to the race course, at which place they arrived about twenty minutes past one. The leader, which defendant had rode, appeared exceedingly distressed, and on his return to Epsom dropped down in his harness. A farrier was sent for, who bled him, and he was walked about a mile and a half on his road home, staggering during the way, when he fell down a second time, got up again, struggled for a short time, fell again and expired. The other leader was brought home and remained ill for some time. The horse that was killed, had, till that day, been used as a job horse by Lord Levison Gower; was described as a free goer, and worth L.36; in good health when he left the stables, and quite fresh.

On the part of the defendant, Major Morgan was called, who described one of the post-boys as being mortally drunk, and that defendant, in order to preserve his own life, as well as that of the driver's, was compelled to pull him from the saddle, and to get upon the leader himself; leaving—to use the witness's own expression—the beast drunk as he was by the way side, and to drive on without him.

Mr. Gibbs here took an objection, and observed, that the trespass was committed on the two leading horses, and that the proof of drunkenness attached only to the man who rode the wheel horse; consequently was not an answer to the trespass committed by defendant on the other two.

Lord Ellenborough thought the distinction decisive of the case, and destroyed the plea in justification.

Mr. Garrow insisted, that Major Morgan had been deceived in the appearance of the man; and said, if necessary, he could prove that he had only staggered from the violence used towards him by defendant.

The jury, after a few words from his Lordship, found a verdict for plaintiff—Damages, L.41.

JULY 5.

CONTACT OF A WAGGON WITH A COACH.

D'ISRAELI *v.* ADSDALE.

THIS action was brought against the defendant for the negligence of his servant, who was stated in the declaration to have so carelessly and unskilfully driven a waggon, that he run foul of the plaintiff's coach,

coach, and almost demolished it. The rencountre took place in Bishopsgate-street, on the 23d of April last. The evidence, as in most cases of this kind, was very contradictory. For the plaintiff it was sworn that the defendant's servant improperly backed his waggon, loaded with wood, and thus drove in the pannel of the plaintiff's coach. The carman himself, and a by-stander, quite unknown to either party, deposed that the waggon was on the proper side of the way, and that what had happened was entirely to be imputed to the coachman, who wished to make the turn too rapidly. The latter witness said so to Mrs. D'Israeli at the time he handed her out. The other side laid considerable stress upon Mr. Adsdale having twice, when applied to, promised to pay the sum expended for the repair of the coach. The coachmaker's bill amounted to twelve guineas; two for the pannel, and ten for repairing the carriage, &c.

Lord Ellenborough said, that the question was, whether the defendant's servant had been in fault. If what had happened was mere accident, he could not by any means be considered as responsible. His lordship attached no consequence to the defendant's promise to pay the bill. He might think it better to give a guinea or two than go to law, without being at all convinced that he was liable to make good the damage which the plaintiff had sustained. Verdict for the defendant.

JULY 2.

IDENTIFICATION OF A PIG.

WILKIE *v.* UNDERWOOD.

MR. ERSKINE stated, that this action was brought to recover the price of a pig. The plaintiff found the defendant carrying off this pig, when he took him before a magistrate. The defendant said, it was his, and that he had lost it some months before. The magistrate told them he could not decide it, and that the plaintiff must bring an action. The learned counsel said, he could shew the genealogy of this pig, with as much particularity as if this were an ejectment. His client had reared this pig; her name was Young Sall. She was produced from Old Sall. He stated a case that had been tried at the Assizes, before Mr. Justice Heath, where a man brought an action for a horse which he had lost. It had been out of his possession for a certain length of time; but his lordship held, that any number of witnesses called to prove it was his horse, could never be equal to the evidence on the other side, which was, that he had bred him, and that he had been constantly in his possession. He recollected another case, where a friend of his had lost a horse, and thought he had found him in the possession of another person. That person, however, told him he had reared him, and that he had never been out of his possession. His friend, however, was still convinced it was his horse, for he said, the man who stole his horse might afterwards put him into the defendant's stable, and take the defendant's horse. He brought an action, and lost it. He also recollected a lady, a friend of his, who had a favourite lap-dog, which she lost; after the time of mourning was over, the lady thought, one day, as she was walking in the street, she had found Phœbe. This business was brought into court. The defendant proved this bitch had been constantly in his possession, and Phœbe, without a subpœna, went to the other side of the table, and paid her respects to her old master. So this

 pig

pig followed her master to the watch-house, to see justice done to the defendant, who was carrying her away. The single question was, as to the indentity of this animal. A number of witnesses swore, the pig in question was reared by the plaintiff, and was constantly in his possession, till the time the defendant took it away. Another set of witnesses swore, with equal certainty, that this was the pig of the defendant. There was no idea any of the witnesses were perjured, but that they really believed what they swore.

Verdict for the plaintiff. The defendant undertook to return the pig.

JULY 2.

CRIM. CON. CASE.

BIRD *v.* BOLTON, ESQ.

This Mr. Garrow stated to be an action brought by the plaintiff to recover, by means of the justice of the jury, a verdict against the defendant for the most serious injury that could be complained of in a court of justice. The principle on which these cases depended, and the circumstances belonging to them, had unfortunately occurred so often for discussion, that it was extremely difficult even for the genius of his learned friend, Mr. Erskine, as he had often said, to find any thing new to utter upon them; but, however, if he had nothing new to offer on them, he contrived to mix up his old materials in such a form, as to have all the charms of novelty to all who heard him. He should take care to conceal nothing in his opening of this case which belonged to it, for he knew that if he did not state them, they would be stated with all their force by his learned friend (Mr. Erskine) on behalf of the defendant; but it appeared to him that they would not affect the plaintiff's right to recover in this case. The plaintiff, he said, was a gentleman's servant, who became acquainted with his present wife in Lincolnshire. She was a farmer's daughter; they were soon afterwards married; this was in 1788. They lived for some time happily together; but the plaintiff's situation required that he should attend his master to the East Indies, which he did, leaving his wife comfortably situated; and he returned home; they then lived together in lodgings in Little King-Street, St. James's. They might have continued happy together, but the defendant, a man of rank and fashion, a colonel, thought proper to seduce the plaintiff's wife, who is a handsome woman, and he now kept her, in defiance of decency and religion, in open and avowed adultery, riding about with her in his curricle, and frequenting all places of gay resort, and had two children by her. He was ready to admit the plaintiff's wife had had a lapse from virtue before the plaintiff married her; she had had a child by an officer of rank, General Twentyman, but she had been reclaimed, and had recovered her character for chastity before her marriage, and had maintained it until she was again seduced by the defendant, for which the defendant was responsible in damages, as he was in morals. There was no question but that many women had been reclaimed after a lapse from virtue, and had regained their native modesty; of this there were many happy instances in that excellent and humane institution the Magdalen Hospital, of which his learned friend was one of the most excellent guardians—not that he meant to put these persons, though reformed, upon a footing with those females who never lost their honour; no, they were above all price; but he meant to contend, that when one of these persons who had been unfortunate, had recovered her love of virtue, it was a crime to seduce her again, and that it was not

not to be said in a court of justice that a woman who had once had a lapse from chastity was fair game for any one who may have an inclination to seduce her. He apprehended that this was not a topic on which the damages might be reduced. He thought the Jury would apportion their damages, not according to the original misfortune of the plaintiff's wife, but according to the delinquency of the defendant, which he maintained to be very considerable in this case.

After some evidence was given of the marriage, and of the plaintiff and his wife living comfortably together, and of her now living with the defendant Colonel Bolton, a

Mrs. Bailey was called—she said, "I live in Little King Street St. James's. I was subpœned on the part of Col. Bolton, as well as for Bird. I remember Bird and his wife coming from Lincoln to London; it was about thirteen years ago, I believe; they took apartments in my house,—and continued there, I believe, for five or six months. It was a furnished apartment. The husband was a servant, and, I believe, he slept with his wife. During the time they were in my house they were very comfortable. I never heard any disturbance. I saw Mrs. Bird at a house of entertainment in the neighbourhood of this Hall this morning."

On her cross-examination, she said, "They came together when they took my lodgings in Little King-Street, St. James's. They had only one room on the first floor furnished; they paid six shillings a week for it. I have seen her and him many times after they left my lodgings; they used to call at my house, but not together. I remember Bird, the plaintiff saying to me, "He was glad his wife had got some person to support her better than he could." This might be about a month ago. He said, "He was glad she had one to do better for her than him." He spoke of Colonel Bolton at that time. I do not recollect but that once—it was in the parlour. He was speaking of Colonel Bolton, and Bird said, he should be very glad to speak to his wife before me; and he said, "He was glad she had got somebody that could do better for her than he could." He mentioned it to me. He said, "She lived with the Colonel."

Lord Ellenborough—"Has not this action come to its close? If a man knows that his wife is living in adultery, and acquiesces, he cannot come into a court of justice to ask for damages for the unlawful intercourse. Not only has he the knowledge of, and acquiesces in the unlawful intercourse here, but he may, upon this evidence, be taken to have procured that intercourse. He may be a very unfortunate man, and there may be much to blame, perhaps, in the defendant; but a man who acquiesces, and seems to rejoice in what has happened, can have no right of action in this case."

Mr. Garrow said, that nobody could doubt the correctness of the principle laid down by his Lordship; the only thing that could be doubtful was, whether the witness did not mistake what she had heard.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that this evidence came from a witness called on behalf of the plaintiff, and unless the whole of her evidence was to be overthrown, the plaintiff could have no case.

Mr. Garrow said, he could not impute it to the witness that she invented this; he must admit her to be entitled to credit, else he should not have been instructed to call her.

Lord Ellenborough—"I am afraid that somebody has suggested this to this poor man, as the means of retrieving his circumstances."—Plaintiff nonsuited.

July 7.

ANOTHER CRIM. CON. CASE.

SMITH v. SMITH.

It appeared from Mr. Erskine's very eloquent opening of this case, that it was an action brought by Mr. Richard Smith, who is a manufacturer at Birmingham, against William Smith, the defendant, and his own cousin-german, for criminal conversation with his wife. This is one of the most affecting cases of the kind that ever was stated in a court of justice. The plaintiff laid his damages at L.6000. The plaintiff was about 40 years of age, and was married to his lady, who is about 34, on the 23d of March 1790, and had by her four children living, three boys and one girl. The defendant is about the age of 24. He was an orphan; in consequence of his parents having died in his infancy, and when he was about 12 months old, he was delivered over to the care of the plaintiff. He was brought up in his family. When he had arrived at a proper age he was put out an apprentice, for the purpose of making the means of his own living; and when his time was out, the plaintiff set him up in business for himself. He was a factor, and the plaintiff procured an order for him to the amount of L.1100, with which he began business. The plaintiff gave him a part of his own warehouse, which did not cost him a shilling. He treated him with all the kindness and affection of a brother; in short, his house was always open to him, and he looked up to the plaintiff and his brother Mr. William Smith, as to his parents, for advice and protection. The plaintiff and his lady had lived in the utmost harmony and affection till about two years ago, when without the smallest reason which the plaintiff could conceive, she began to alter her conduct to him and her children. There was on her part a coldness and neglect of duty to her husband, even in his sickness. Her husband, in the year 1798, had left Birmingham, and had retired to about the distance of two miles and a half into the country, and lived with his mother and his brother. As he could assign no possible reason for an alteration in his wife's affections, he thought it might possibly arise from his living with the other branches of his family, and therefore he returned to Birmingham, where a house was fitted up in an expensive style of elegance entirely to her own taste. The plaintiff, who was an excellent husband, and an excellent father, had for some time been in an extremely bad state of health, in consequence of her cruel and unfeeling conduct. But after this lady had got back to Birmingham into her new house, there seemed to be a return of her affections, which revived the spirits of her husband, as he had the most tender affection for her. When all on a sudden, on the 12th of March last, she eloped with the defendant, whom the plaintiff had never suspected, whom he was daily and hourly loading with favours, and advancing his prosperity in the world with as much activity and anxiety as if he had been his own son, down to the moment of the elopement.

The first witness called was the Rev. Mr. Blick, who said he performed the ceremony in this case. The lady had lived previous to her marriage several years in his house. The marriage was solemnized on the 23d of March 1790. The lady and her sister were orphans; and he was intimately connected with her family by friendship and acquaintance. His acquaintance continued after the marriage, and the plaintiff and his lady entertained for each other a mutual affection.

Mr.

Mr. William Smith was the principal witness on the part of the plaintiff. He said he was the brother, and the only brother of the plaintiff. He and his brother were bred up to the same business, and had lived in habits of friendship together for four-and-thirty years. The defendant had been brought up by him. The defendant was an orphan, and not twelve months old when he was brought to their house. He was in proper time put out as an apprentice, and when his time had expired, they interested themselves to get him a situation. They told him their house should ever be his home. He constantly visited with them as one of their own family. The plaintiff took the most active interest in promoting this young man, and in June 1800, the witness happened to be in London, and procured for him an order to the amount of L. 1100, with which he began business. He said there never was a more affectionate husband than his brother. The whole of his happiness lay in the society of his wife and children. That was the case till within the last two years, when there was a sensible alienation of her affections, which they could not at all account for, unless it was by living along with him, the witness, and his mother; and therefore his brother returned to Birmingham. He never saw any thing improper between the defendant and the plaintiff's wife. He thought he had sometimes perceived her discover a partiality for him, but it never made the least impression on his mind, and it would not have warranted him to have communicated it to his brother. He was perfectly certain his brother had no conception of it, otherwise he would have instantly dismissed him from his house.

Several other witnesses were called on the part of the plaintiff, who, as far as they went, confirmed this gentleman in his evidence.

Mr. Casils made a very able speech for the defendant, as far as his materials, which were extremely slender indeed, would enable him. The defence which he was instructed to set up, and which he managed with great discretion, was, that he should be able to prove a criminal negligence in the husband, who had been cautioned by people who had observed an improper degree of attention from his wife to this young man, and that he had given himself no concern about it.

He called three witnesses, who, instead of proving any case for the defendant, very considerably strengthened the plaintiff's case. One or two of them said, they had perceived this lady discover a partiality for this young man; but they were certain the husband, whose conduct they considered as a perfect model of propriety, never perceived it. The following letter from the plaintiff to his wife, did him the highest honour, and was well described by Lord Ellenborough as one of the most glowing paintings of a virtuous mind, which was ever put upon paper.

"Mrs. S——,

"This letter will completely convey the distress of my mind. What my feelings are, no language that I can find is able to express. This is probably the last time that I shall ever address you, for I can hardly entertain a ray of hope that my observations, which have been so repeatedly disregarded, will make any impression on your mind. However, I think it a duty I owe to you, to myself, and our children, the common objects of our care, to endeavour, if possible, to dispel the storm which threatens to burst upon

on you, and render us all unhappy. Consider, then, how you endanger your own happiness. However at the present moment you may despise the opinion of your relations and former friends, be assured that the time will come, if you cast off the protection of your affectionate husband, that you will most heartily repent your present misconduct, to which alone it will be owing, if you are now separated from me. As to those remarkable ideas that you have expressed as loving solitude, be assured of this, the pleasures of solitude are merely chimerical, and would very ill replace the tender affection of your husband, and the duties of a mother. As a husband, I can most solemnly appeal to God, that it has ever been the strongest wish of my heart to see you happy, and had it pleased Providence that we should live longer together, such would still be my first wish and endeavour. But if my endeavours should be ineffectual, you should at least consider your children. Can you bear that they shall be always afflicted when they think of their miserable unhappy mother? When I complain in this manner of your general conduct, and point out to you the consequences it must produce, do not suppose I mean to impute to you any personal criminality. The best proof I can give that I harbour no such suspicions, is, that I now address you. Independent of any such suspicion, I have matter sufficiently serious to urge against you. Why do you deny me those rights which God and nature have given the marriage state? Can you suppose that any man can be contented to live with his wife, enjoying only the mere name of husband? You must therefore think that separation must be the consequence of your misconduct. I must therefore warn you of the disgrace and ruin which must befal you in case of our separation, and I must again recal to your mind the particulars of your misconduct. Instead of shewing the least contrition for what is past, you seem to be always watching opportunities to give me fresh provocations—hardly any thing can occur that you do not prefer against me as charges of extravagance, tyranny, and injustice. I have many friends that know me intimately, and have known me long; I can safely and confidently appeal to them whether I deserve those accusations. But, supposing I did deserve them, is it the part of a wife to be my constant accuser? But, to pass over every consideration of my happiness, and even of your's, without mentioning any thing of the ties of affection, or of our former happiness, I must appeal to your feelings as a mother, whether you can bear not only the contempt of your children, but the just accusations they make against you for the extinction of their prospects in life: they may well say, their mother, by her misconduct, fettered their father's mind and his exertions, and prevented them from receiving the patrimony which they had a right to expect from a father's care. Are you prepared to hear this unmoved? Your children are now growing up; and are of an age to make observations. Baldwin—the eldest son—has made observations. I have nothing more to urge, but to-morrow's post must convey to your friends the news of the separation which you have so often demanded. How will your friends, how will the Doctor—her brother—feel, when he hears that his sister has so degraded herself as to leave her husband and her children?"

This

This letter was produced, on the part of the defendant, to shew that he had talked of separation, previous to the elopement.

After a display of the most splendid eloquence from Mr Erskine, by way of reply,

The noble and learned Judge delivered a most impressive and solemn address to the gentlemen of the jury, stating that this was one of the most affecting cases he thought that ever presented itself in the shape of a civil action before a court of justice. His Lordship, with great discrimination, selected for the consideration of the jury all the most material facts of the case. The only defence attempted was, that the plaintiff himself must have perceived the partiality of his wife to the defendant, and ought to have checked it. The witnesses had stated, that he was the last man who was likely to have seen such a thing; and the observation of the satirist was, *Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus.* It had appeared that the defendant was worth between two and three thousand pounds, and he saw no reason why he should retain a farthing of that money in his pocket a minute longer, unless they could see circumstances of culpable inattention on the part of the husband. So far from it, every thing was the reverse. The letter that had been produced and read, from the plaintiff to his wife, discovered the feelings and sensations of the most moral mind that had ever depicted itself in writing; and such a fund of honour, and of principle in a gentleman in the commercial part of the world, was the best security for the stability of the country; and considering the relaxation that took place in some other countries with regard to this relation, the strong sense of moral obligation, which the conjugal state imposed, as here described by this gentleman, enabled us to hold our heads high, when we saw that the security and stability of this country depended not only upon the strength and valour, but also on the moral character of its inhabitants. Perhaps this woman was the first mover towards the commission of this offence; but the defendant by lending himself to her wickedness became as wicked as herself. They were not to punish the defendant for a crime, but to give the plaintiff a compensation, as far as money could make it. This unhappy gentleman was perfectly miserable and undone, and no verdict they could give could restore his peace of mind, which had been destroyed. They would not give such a verdic as would utterly ruin the defendant, though the maxim of law was "*qui in crumena non habet, luat in corpore.*" They would give the plaintiff such a compensation as they in their sober judgments thought he deserved. Verdict for plaintiff, L.3000.

Curious Case of a Lady's Breach of a Marriage Promise.

LEEDS *v.* COOKE AND WIFE.

THIS was an action to recover damages for a breach of promise of marriage. The plaintiff is a landholder in the county of Essex, and Mrs. Cooke, formerly Miss Carbonnel, daughter of a person possessing considerable property in the same county.

From the statement of Mr. Erskine, it appeared that the parties had been betrothed to each other for some time; that the marriage settlements had actually been prepared in May last, when the lady, from some unaccountable fickleness, thought proper to elope with Mr. Cooke, a purser of an East Indiaman, and they were privately married; in consequence of which the plaintiff brought his action for a compensation

compensation in damages, for the injury which he had sustained by the loss of the lady's affections.

The marriage settlements were put in and proved. By these it was agreed that the plaintiff should apportion L 4000 for their mutual comforts, and the father of the lady was to furnish the like sum. A letter was received from the lady after her elopement, in which she expresses her sorrow for the step she had taken, which she was assured would wound his feelings; but there was a secret something within her own breast which told her she could not be happy with any person but the one she had gone off with. This was the whole of the proof for the plaintiff.

Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, contended, that the plaintiff had been the cause of his own unhappiness, if he regretted the loss of the lady, as it had been owing to his gaieties that she had been induced to act as she had done.— He then stated, that the plaintiff had not only acted in the most libertine manner, but had threatened to horsewhip her when they were married. Under these circumstances, which he should prove by evidence, a woman, he observed, would be foolish to marry such a man.

Lydia Burnby, a maid servant of Mr. Carbonnel's, said, that she had heard Mr. Leeds declare to Miss C. that he would flay her alive, and that he would break every bone in her skin. He added, that he would murder her if he were married to her. Miss C. answered, "we are not married yet." She is not sure whether this was before or after the execution of the settlement.

Hatt, a bailiff to the defendant's father, stated that he had heard them quarrelling when going out on a party of pleasure, the plaintiff insisting that she should ride, when she wished to walk, and that he threw a horsewhip at her.

Mr. Carbonnel, the father, stated, that he accompanied the plaintiff to town to prepare the marriage settlement, and that the plaintiff left him, after they had signed the deeds, to follow two prostitutes in Fleet street. When he came to his lodgings at night, he said he had been home with one of them to Milk-street.

Mr. Erskine, in reply, contended that the whole of the defence was made up in order to defeat the plantiff's claim.

Lord Ellenborough said, that though the husband and wife were joined in this action for a breach of of promise of marriage; it was to the wife exclusively the jury were to look, the husband being joined only because she ceased to have any separate property, and the damages must come out of his pocket. As the breach of promise was admitted, there were only too questions to be considered. 1. Whether it took place under circumstances that rendered it venial? and 2. If it did not, to what sum was the plaintiff entitled as a compensation for the injury he had sustained? This species of causes were capable of more shades and gradations than almost any other. The disappointment might occasion so much misery even to a man, that he had a fair right to complain of it in a court justice. But before it was supposed the feelings of a party were wounded, it was necessary to inquire whether that party had any feelings. If he remained indifferent, the most minute damages could not be too small for him. I think, said his lordship, the brutal conduct of the plaintiff towards the lady has been sufficiently proved. A woman is not to commit her happiness to a man that threatens to flay her and to break her bones.

It

It may be proper that a woman should break off a match with a man for whom she can feel no affection, but the law does not sanction this step.—She may act with prudence in dismissing him, but she must abide by all the legal consequences of this breach of her promise. She is liable to compensate in damages to the man for the injury she had occasioned to him. Bad conduct on his part can alone excuse her. "Upon the whole, gentlemen," he concluded, "I am of opinion that you must find for the plaintiff; but whether he is entitled to more than nominal damages, it is for you to consider."

The jury, after consulting together a few minutes, returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, One Shilling!

MOUSE HUNTING.

DURING the course of the late Dr. Garnett's lectures, it unluckily happened to the great confusion and alarm of the ladies present, that a mouse confined under a glass, merely, to shew, how animation might be destroyed by an electric shock, made his escape, by overthrowing the glass. It should have been observed, that prior to this, the professor had arranged some other electrical experiments, and was exhibiting them in the dark. However, the alarm of the poor little animal's escape, spread like electricity itself, and a general hunt ensued after the fugitive. Every lady was considerably terrified, and apprehensive she had afforded him an asylum in her clothes; the chase of course was general, and continued a long time; still, the most experienced sportsmen were thrown out, and the affrighted animal had the good fortune to escape.

A TALLOW CHANDLER,

TAKEN IN

A MELTING MOOD.

A LATE Chester Chronicle mentions an action recently brought against a Mr. Kisten, a person of this profession, by a lady of the name of Hand, for breach of promise of marriage.

The evidence consisted chiefly of the letters which the defendant had wrote from London to his mistress at Harbro'. These occasioned infinite merriment. In the first place they disclosed the fact, that Mr. Kisten was a journeyman tallow-chandler.

In painting the ardour of his attachment, he likewise borrowed many terms from his art. Although it appeared that he was not always in a melting mood, he talks of his soul being dissolved, of being dipped in wretchedness; of his heart being cast in a delicate mould, of the store of happiness which he conceived was awaiting him; of his love burning clear; of his liver being consumed like the wick of a candle; of his fears lest her passion died away like the flame in the socket of a candlestick, &c. &c. There was one passage which afforded peculiar amusement, as it reminded every one of the stile of a noble Marquis, who, after painting the ardour of his passion, stops suddenly short to descant upon the price of wheat in Reading market. "My love," says Mr. Kisten, "my angel, my Hand, when shall we be joined together, and mix like wax and spermaceti? By the bye, I have bad news for your brother. Tallow is as high as ever, and at present there is a prospect of its rising higher still. As such, he cannot do better than buy any that comes in his way."—Damages 100l.

TAPLIN's SPORTING DICTIONARY, AND RURAL REPOSITORY.

Two volumes Octavo, in boards. L1 : 1 : 0: Printed for Vernon & Hood.

ALTHOUGH it is not our practice to obtrude upon our readers a review of new publications, yet the above comes so immediately within our professed department, that it might be considered a degree of neglect and inattention on our parts, to with-hold from our sporting friends, observations upon a work in which every sportsman is so materially interested. The former productions of the author, having in the course of fourteen editions acquired no small degree of reputation, there can be little doubt but the present volumes will be received by the public with equal avidity. So far as we are enabled to decide upon the merits of the work, we feel ourselves justified in an opinion, that the universality of its contents, the extensive field of information and instruction, the great variety of sporting subjects, and practical descriptions of each, from his own personal experience, in a language clear and comprehensive, will lay claim to general approbation.

This work is not inaptly inscribed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Sandwich, master of his Majesty's stag hounds; the dedication to whom, is to the following purport. That in the twenty years his Lordship has presided at the head of his Majesty's hunting establishment, it has acquired a degree of perfection and celebrity, hitherto unprecedented in the annals of sporting history; and to the impressive influence of his Lordships philanthropic representations, every subordinate in the department, is indebted for an increase of stipend; by which, the comforts of their families have been most happily increased. And concludes in the following terms.

"To have had the inexpressible happiness of partaking with your Lordship the pleasures of the chase, during the whole of that period; to have witnessed your Lordship's humane, polite, and condescending attention to various individuals on the most distressing emergencies; to have been repeatedly honoured by your Lordship's public patronage and private favour, are gratifications of so much magnitude to the ambition of the sportsman, that it is impossible to resist the temptation of dedicating to your Lordship, a work, solely appertaining to the sports of the field; and of publicly soliciting permission to continue, &c.

In the preface he observes, that, upon a review of the works now extant, under titles nearly similar, they were found to be the productions of more than a century back; that they had been repeatedly recopied, and repeatedly transmitted from one generation to another, with matter nearly obsolete, and sports long since buried in oblivion. To compensate for which want of novelty, the present work was undertaken; calculated to recommend itself upon no other grounds than its originality, and the great variety of useful information it will be found to contain. He, disdaining the subservient trammels of imitation, has declined entering into a diffuse disquisition upon any sport or subject, in which he has not been personally engaged; making exultingly this emphatic remark, that it is the greatest and most consolatory ambition of his life, to have engaged in every sport, and to have embarked in every pleasure, upon which those volumes will be found to treat; without a deviation from consistency, a debasement of dignity, or a degradation of character.

To juvenile adventurers, who feel

feel themselves inadequate to the task of self-denial; and, who cannot resist the predominant temptation of engaging in scenes of such duplicity and danger, he recommends an occasional reference to certain parts, which are fully fraught with precautions, that the younger branches of the sporting world stand so much in need of; amongst these, Betting, Cocking, Gaming, Hazard, and the Turf, will not be found the least conspicuous. The horse is largely treated on in all its stages of sickness, and in health. The Chase of every kind, will be found to have undergone the most minute description. The Game Laws are simplified and reduced to one comprehensive single point of view; and the Turf so fully enlarged on, in both its past and present state, that it includes a correct account of the recent racing performances, and authentic pedigrees of the most celebrated horses of the time.

The volumes contain in plates, accurate representations of his Majesty's Stag Hounds in chase, and his Harriers in the field. The Portrait of a complete and perfect Hunter. Hambletonian beating Diamond; the match over Newmarket, for 3000 guineas. And two [illegible] of Teeth and Shoes, with explanatory matter of much utility. Little disposed to the effervescence of flattery on one side, or the severity of unnecessary criticism on the other, we feel disposed, as indeed it is our duty, to survey the production with an eye of impartiality; and in so doing, will venture in the language of the Times, to pronounce, that "he has deserved well of his country."

Those most conversant with the writings of this gentleman, will most probably recollect, that a slight vein of irony and satire in general, accompanies the whole; more particularly, where the introduction has been to be justified upon the basis of consistency, or the propriety of the occasion. The same degree and cause of mirth, so frequently to be seen in his other productions, is also to be observed in various pages of this work; and that our sporting friends may form some adequate idea of the aggregate, we presume to sport a few extracts as specimens, from which some opinion may be formed of the whole.

In the description and delineation of modern "Artists"—alias animal painters—respectful notice is taken of Stubbs, Gilpin, Marshall, Garrard, and Sartorius, with a concluding observation, that "owing to a superiority of good fortune, or to a superiority of genius, Marshall is the only instance of an artist's having, so early in life, and with so much rapidity, reached the summit of princely patronage, as well as the very zenith of professional celebrity, without having once submitted a single production of his pencil to the caprice of public opinion, at that shrine of fashion, the Royal Academy at Somerset-house, hitherto considered the only possible and direct road to fame and fortune."

In the progress of the work, such occasional veterinary remarks are introduced, as must soon establish its merit, and prove its utility with the public at large, as well as the sporting world in particular. The family of the "Black Legs" are not forgotten. The sublime sport of "Bull Baiting" and its effects, engrosses a number of pages; and the "Chase" is a favourite topic of animadversion in various parts of the work. "Cocking" is more largely treated on, and more fully explained, than in any other production that has ever fallen under our inspection. Even our neighbouring Cockneys who know not their own origin, may be grateful for a concise account of themselves,

under

under the head "Cockney," which is defined to be, "the distinguished appellation by which those gentlemen are honoured, who being natives of the metropolis, are supposed never to have far exceeded the vibrative limits of St. Paul's Clock, or Bow Bell. The term, however, well known as it is, would not have been entitled to a place in this collection, had it not been thought necessary to communicate to the sporting world, a derivation so very little known.

"A citizen of the above description, having, in times of old, made an excursion with his son to the neighbourhood of Highgate, the lad who had never before undertaken a journey of so much magnitude and extent, happening to hear a horse neigh, which was quite new to him, hastily exclaimed, "how that horse barks." "Barks, you booby," replied the father; "neighs you mean. A dog barks, a horse neighs!" They had not proceeded far, when the youth, finding his ears assailed by the sudden crowing of a cock, was so fascinated with the shrill and unexpected sound, that he instantly attracted his companion's attention with, "hark, father, how that cock neighs!" To which fertile and happy effusion of fancy, citizens will probably stand indebted for the appellation of Cock-ney, to the end of time."

After an infinity of intervening variety, we find considerable information respecting "Forests," "Forest Laws," and "Forest Courts;" concluding with the authentic anecdote annexed. "During the time of the great camp upon Bagshot Heath, the Duke of Richmond having taken up his temporary residence at the Rose Inn, at a small town in Windsor Forest, where the courts were occasionally held; and seeing the regulations respecting the court of attachment fixed in the room, his Grace wished to obtain some information upon the subject; but finding none to be derived from the waiter, who was an occasional attendant only, he requested a person might be sent up who knew something of the matter." In a few minutes appeared the son of the landlady, who most sagaciously informed the Duke, "that the forty days court was an *annual* meeting held every *six* weeks; with which very clear and explanatory account, his Grace condescendingly expressed himself perfectly satisfied."

"Gaming," he says, "is that destructive vice which has annihilated some of the most princely fortunes in this, and perhaps in every other kingdom; it is a whirl-wind of the most devastating infatuation which destroys every thing before it: like the effect of unrestrained fire, it continues its ravages so long as there is a single combustible to feed the flame. The most magnificent mansions, the most lordly possessions, the most majestic "towering woods," and the most extensive fertile vales, have been in one night swept away, by this infernal and destructive propensity. Thousands educated in affluence, and left in a state of the most flourishing independence, have been reduced to the greatest want, and died miserabley repentants within the dreary confines of a prison, by the certain effect of an attachment to this most dreadful of all vices, which the united wisdom of the legislature has so laudably and so strenuously endeavoured to suppress."

Proceeding systematically, he describes "Gaming Houses" to be those infamous nocturnal receptacles of the most abandoned iniquity; where such scenes of villany are in perpetual practice, that the most fertile pen must be inadequate to even a tolerable representation. These houses in the metropolis, are by the sporting world denominated "Hells;" and so truly are they entitled

titled to that sublime description, that the whole force of magistracy has been, most laudably and successfully exerted against them without exception. Houses of this description, are appropriated only to the purposes of play, and that of the most unfair description. They are kept by systematic depredators, "who shun the light;" men who have no credit to support, no reputation to lose; and who are as completely lost to every sense of shame, as they are completely banished from the respectable classes of society. Here it is, where the young, the inexperienced, the injudicious, and the inconsiderate, sacrifice not only their own, and often the property of others; but prostitute also, that most invaluable gem, their integrity, and with it, a peace of mind never to be restored. From the first moment of entering such an iniquitous sink of pollution, such a complication of villany, and such a combination of the most desperate and abandoned thieves, every infatuated adventurer may date the origin of future misery. Whether it be cards, dice, E. O. or whatever game or name the speculative sport may be, the credulous, unsuspecting dupe, has no one chance to win, but inevitably every chance to lose, under the certainty of their systematic depredation. Thus far, in explanation of those hells, legally considered nuisances to society, as being prejudicial to the morals, and destructive to the property of such individuals, as unhappily fall within the vortex of so fashionable an influence. But there are other Gaming Houses of a superior order, and of the most magnificent description, supported in all the style of eastern splendour by annual contribution, from the first characters in the kingdom; these are called "Subscription Houses," to which none but their own individual members are admitted, under any plea whatever; and these, as private houses being above the law, any member possesses, of course, the privilege of ruining himself, and reducing his family to beggary, without transgressing the laws of his country, or incurring the censure of his best and most fashionable friends."

His remarks upon "Game," and the "Game Laws," are truly useful and entertaining. Upon "Games of "Art" and "Chance," he is equally explanatory. The definition and description of "Grease," "Glanders," and other diseases in Horses, are professionally scientific, and must insure approbation. The duty of "Grooms" and "Coachmen" is largely explained, and the prevention of disease particularly pointed out.

"Hare hunting" has undergone a most minute disquisition. "Horses" and "Hounds" are treated with a degree of attention, to which their general utility has so much entitled them. Little can be required on these subjects, but what will be found much at large in this work. The hazardous game of "Hazard," is clearly explained, and its consequences considered. "Horsemanship," and his remarks upon it, are not only truly instructive, but replete with distinguishing traits of the most dignified humanity; and his description of "Horse Racing," lays strong claim to the attention of those who are personally interested in that sport; as, under this head, will be found, almost every information that can be required upon that subject. "Hunters," their treatment and qualifications form a discussion of many pages; and "Hunting," in its general acceptation, must prove a gratification of no small magnitude to the mind of an amateur; in which every minutiæ of the chase is feelingly depicted, and the duties of the "Huntsman" most characteristically described.

(To be continued) EDGEWORTHS

EDGEWORTHS ON IRISH BULLS.

As we think with the Correspondent, who has pointed out this work, that it comes within the description of a divertisement, and is well worthy the attention of our readers, the subject being highly pleasant and laughable, and at the same time exhibiting a very extensive portion of reading; suffice it here to observe, it is divided into sixteen chapters, viz.

1. Vulgar Errors. 2. Etymology of an Irish Bull uncertain. 3. Originality of Irish Bulls disputed. 4. Irish Newspapers. 5. The Criminal Law of Bulls and Blunders. 6. Little Dominick. 7. The Bliss of Ignorance. 8. Thoughts that breathe, and Words that burn. 9. Practical Bulls. 10. The Dublin Shoeblack. 11. The Hibernian Mendicant. 12. Irish Wit and Eloquence. 13. The Brogue. 14. Bath Coach Conversation. 15. Same Subject. 16. The Irish Incognito. Conclusion.

The main purport of the ingenious authors is to prove, "that the bulls and blunders of which the Irish are accused, are often imputable to their neighbours, or that they are justifiable by antient precedents, or that they are produced by their habits of using figurative and witty language."

In the chapter on "The Originality of Irish Bulls Disputed," it is observed, that "the difficulty of selecting from the vulgar herd of Irish Bulls one that shall be entitled to the prize, from the united merits of pre-eminent absurdity, and indisputable originality, is greater than hasty judges may imagine."

And it is here shewn that Joe Miller was a plagiarist for one of his best jests, that of the Irishman looking over a gentleman writing to a friend, which appears to be a literal translation from a French book, published in 1694, containing the remarkable sayings of the Eastern Nations. Lady Coventry's reply to George II, that she had seen every sight in London, except a coronation, which is mentioned for the sake of remarking, that we should exclude from Irish blunders that class which can be found in another country. This reply, it is observed, is certainly not equal to that of the English Marshal, who, when his king found fault with some arrangement at his coronation, said, "Please your Majesty, I hope it will be better next time." Of the same class is the following:—"Please your worship, he sent me to the devil, and I came strait to your honour." This has its prototype in Marmontel's Annette and Lubin: "The bailiff sent us to the devil, and we come to put ourselves under your protection." The following is meant to shew that the French can make *mistakes*, which in Ireland would be called *bulls*. A gentleman was complimenting Madame Denis, on her acting *Zara*: "To act that part," said she, "a person should be young and handsome."—"Ah, Madam!" replied the complimenter *naivement*, "you are a complete proof of the contrary."

Irish Newspapers.—"In the Proclamation of an Irish Mayor, we are informed, that certain business is to be transacted every Monday, Easter Sunday only excepted." This, they remark, is copied from a precedent set in England, by a Baronet, formerly well known in Parliament, who, in the preamble to a bill, proposed that certain regulations should take place "on every Monday, Tuesday excepted." Some years ago the Mayor of an English City published an advertisement, previous to the races, "that no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course, but the *horses* that are to run." A Mayor's blundering

dering proclamation is not, however, worth half so much in the eye of ridicule, as a Lord Lieutenant's—"By the Lord Lieutenant and Council of Ireland.—A proclamation. Whereas the greatest economy is necessary in the consumption of all species of *grain*, and especially in the consumption of *potatoes*," &c. An eye-witness assures us, that he saw the following notice stuck up on the wall of an English coffee-house—"This coffee-house removed up stairs." In the publication of corps and committees, this formula should be omitted, "Resolved *unanimously*, with only *one* dissentient voice." The government of Munich, who published a catalogue of forbidden books, afterwards, under heavy penalties, forbade the reading of the catalogue. An article of intelligence in a Dublin paper, states, that "General ——, scoured the country yesterday, but had not the good fortune to meet with a single rebel."

In Chapter V. it is remarked, that bulls often arise from the multifarious signification of some of our words. A French gentleman, who dined with the author of the Rambler, drank Doctor Johnson's health, in these words—"Your health, Mr. Vagabond." The term, *cockney*, arose from a London citizen's son, who was so grossly ignorant of country life and animals, that the first time he heard a *cock* crow, he called it *neighing*. An uninformed Irishman, hearing the sphinx alluded to in company, whispered to a friend, "The sphinx! who is that now?"—"A monster, man"—Oh! a *Munster*-man; I thought he was from Connaught!" replied he, determined not to seem totally unacquainted with the family. Pope, the poet, mistakes *Decade the 8th and Novel the 5th* of Cinthio, for Dec. 8th, Nov. 5th; and Warburton, the learned critic, improves upon the blunder, by writing the words December and November at full length Better still, because more comic, is the blunder of a Frenchman, who, puzzled by the title of Cibber's "Love's Last Shift," translates it "*La Derniere Chemise de l'Amour.*" The Cork almanack-maker informs the world, that the principal republics in *Europe* are Venice, Holland, and *America*.

In Chapter VII. it is observed, that "with his utmost ingenuity, or his utmost absurdity, a man in modern days, cannot contrive to produce a system for which there is no prototype in antiquity, or to commit a blunder, for which there is no precedent. For example, during the late rebellion in Ireland, at the military execution of some wretched rebel, the cord broke, and the criminal, who was only half hanged, fell to the ground. The Major, superintending, exclaimed, "You rascal, if you do that again, I'll kill you as sure as you breathe" To this they oppose a quotation from an old French book.—What can at first view appear a grosser blunder, than that of the Irishman, who begged a friend to look over his library, to find for him the History of the World before the Creation? Yet this is not unparalleled; it is matched by an inscription on a British finger-post.

> "Had you seen these roads before they were made,
> "You'd lift up your eyes, and bless Martial WADE."

There is, however, a Rabbi, mentioned by Bayle, who, far exceeds both the Irishman and the finger-post. He asserts, that Providence questioned Adam concerning the Creation, before he was born;

born; and that Adam knew more of the matter than the angels who had laughed at him.

Chapter VIII. Contains some instances of poetical hyperboles that, in plain prose, would be good bulls. A lady lately received a petition thus worded: To the Right Hon. Lady E—— P——, humbly sheweth, that your poor petitioner is now lying dead in a ditch," &c.—A Princess in a Tragedy says,

"Weep, eye! melt into tears, these cheeks to lave,
"Half myself lays here, the other in the grave."

But an Italian is not content with killing by halves. Here is one, who goes on fighting after he is dead:

"Nor yet perceived the vital spirit fled,
"But still fought on, nor knew that he was dead."

But more than this, a modern Commander has declared his opinion, that nothing is more feasible than for a garrison to fight, or at least to surrender, after they are dead, nay, after they are buried. Witness this public document.—"Liberty and Equality! May 29, 30. Floreal, 6. Garrison of Ostend. Muscar, Commandant of Ostend, to the Commander in Chief of his British Majesty. General, the Council of War was sitting when I received the honour of your letters. We have unanimously resolved not to surrender the place, until we shall have been buried in its ruins," &c.

Poetical hyperboles:

"To live a life half dead, a living death,
"And buried; but, oh, yet more miserable!
"Myself, my sepulchre, a moving grave!"
MILTON.

"Cowards die many times before their death;
"The brave can never taste of death but once;
SHAKESPEAR.

"To each, their sufferings, all are men,
"Condemn'd alike to groan;
"The feeling, for another's woes,
"Th' *unfeeling*, for their own."
GRAY.

"Who shall tempt with *wandering feet*
"The dark *unbottom'd* infinite abyss,
"And through the *palpable obscure* find out
"His uncouth way? MILTON.

In the Chapter on *Practical Bulls*, we have the definition of Change-Alley *Bears:* those who bargained for South Sea Stock, that was not actually forthcoming, were called *Bears*, in allusion to the practice of the hunters of bears in Canada, who were accustomed to bargain for the skin of the bear before it was caught: "but whence the correlative term *Bull* is derived, we are at a loss to determine."

"The lower Irish," says Pope, "often excel as much in compliment as in sarcasm."—"We were once present when an author gave one of his own books to an old Irish steward, asking at the same time, in what colour he would like to have the book bound. He turned to one of the company, and asked, "What is the colour that never fades?"—The same steward, upon another occasion, made yet a more sentimental answer. His master said to him, "You lived with me so long, and served me so faithfully, that now, if even you should do any thing to displease me, you shall not be the worse for my anger—I have provided for you handsomely in my will." Instead of replying with a servile bow, or mercenary thanks, he answered with a countenance that shewed he spoke from his heart, "I hope there's no danger I should do any thing to displease your honour."

The *Bath Coach Conversation*, in which the speakers are an Irish, a Scotch, and an English Gentleman, is perhaps the most entertaining and satisfactory of the whole. They are

are gentlemen of much liberality and information; and treat the subject with much precision and humour. The Irishman seldom produces a bull that one of the other does not match from some other quarter. In doing this, they have frequent recourse to the poets, and introduce hyperboles to substantiate their comparisons. Thus the Irish orator, who was silenced with "inextinguishable laughter," for saying, "I am sorry to hear my honourable friend stand mute," is justified by Homer,

"*Silence that speaks*, and eloquence of eyes."

And Voltaire makes Jocasta say—"Every thing speaks against us, even our silence." And Milton, "The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer." We do not however think these poetical flights are fair instances to bring on this occasion; for we must always recollect that to the *poeticæ licentiæ* we are indebted for some of the finest effusions of the Muse, and they are not to be reduced to prosaic rules for the sake of making them appear absurd.

"Well," said the Irishman, "I will now give you a bull that neither of you can match. An evidence, who wanted to prove an alibi, said to the Judge, "My Lord, I could not be like a bird, in two places at once."—The Englishman replied, "That does seem an impossibility, I grant; but you know great orators *trample on impossibilities*, and great poets get the better of them. Thus Shakespear,

"Now bid me run,
"And I will strive with things *impossible*,
"Yea, get the better of them."

And Corneille makes one of his heroes receive this compliment—"Your hands alone have a right to conquer the *unconquerable*." The Irishman remarked, that "this line of Corneille's out-hyperboles the hyperbole, considered in any but a prophetic light; as a prophecy, it exactly foretells the taking of Bonaparte's *Invincible Standard* by the glorious 42d regiment of the British."—I am glad to find that Irish blunderers may shelter themselves in such good company in the antient sanctuary of the hyperbole. But I am afraid you must deny admittance to the poor mason, who said, "This house will stand as long as the world does, and longer" To match this the Scotchman quotes Pope—

"When first young Maro in his noble mind,
"A work t'outlast immortal Rome design'd."

And to give you a more modern case, I lately heard an English shopkeeper say to a lady, in recommendation of his goods—"Ma'am it will wear for ever, and make you a petticoat afterwards."

"Upon my word," said the Irishman, "I did not think you could have found a match for the mason; but what will you say to my countryman, who, on meeting an acquaintance, accosted him with this ambiguous compliment, "When first I saw you I thought it was you, but now I see it is your brother." The Scotchman replied, "I should, if I were not afraid you would take me for a pedant, quote a sentence from Cicero, that is not far behind this blunder. It is one of his compliments to Cæsar—"*Qui, cum ipse imperator in toto imperio populi Romani unus esset, esse me alterum passus est.*"—"And when Cæsar was the *only Emperor* within the dominion of Rome, he suffered me to be *another*."

Sir Richard Steele's bull on his countrymen making bulls, that, "It is the effect of climate; and if an Englishman

Englishman were born in Ireland, he would make as many," is matched by a quotation from Dr. Johnson's Preface to Shakespeare, of whom he says, "he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it *would be found in situations to which it cannot be exposed.*"

From these extracts the nature of the work will be perfectly understood; but to appreciate its merits, it is necessary to read the whole. The chapter intituled, "*The Irish Incognito,*" containing the adventures of a fortune-hunter, includes a well-drawn sketch of a celebrated lady, late of Blackheath, and her companion.

HUMOROUS AND AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE

Of Colonel B—— A——.

THE Colonel, when between sixty and seventy years of age, had the command of a brigade of British troops in the city of Portalegre, in Portugal.—Being ordered into winter quarters in the above city, the weather being very rainy and disagreeable, and the troops inactive, the officers endeavoured to compensate themselves by making acquaintance among the ladies, and particularly with some of the religieuses of the convents, both of the city and its environs, in consequence of which many disorders were complained of. This was so often the case, that the old colonel began to be scandalized, and being tenacious for the honour of his own *battalion*, which was called after his name, he one day ordered the whole corps on the parade in the great square, where he harrangued them on their, to him seeming, misconduct. Pray, gentlemen, (said he) is this the example I have set before you? when have you seen me running after men's wives and daughters? what debaucheries have you ever seen me commit? Part of your conduct, gentlemen, let me tell you, is not soldier-like; have more regard to your own consequence, which you have lowered greatly, and to the honour of the regiment, which I have the pride of saying was, by my example, under very good regulation while we were encamped, but in this city you have much degenerated, even from discipline: your heads are all turned: even under arms, your looks, instead of being fixed on the right, in an uniform and soldier like manner, are in every direction at once; my battalion is surrounded with females of all ranks, ages, and classes; when did you ever see me give them any encouragement? Then there's such nodding, winking, and leering, that a stranger might imagine many, or most of you, had got the palsy in your heads. Some of you have descended to the meanness of pulling off your hats. For shame, gentlemen! A soldier who takes off his hat when under arms, and in battalion, betrays an ignorance of military discipline; and I can assure you, gentlemen, that the French are such strict observers in that point, that even in the cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris, the military do not uncover their heads, but they present their arms, which shews more respect, and they believe the divinity to be present; while you, for example, the other day, when practising for the review, instead of saluting the general as you passed, you saluted the contrary way, and at a wrong point of time. I could not conceive what the devil possessed you all, till my adjutant told me afterwards, it was that tall countess of Castello Bianco, and the fat abbess of Sainte Julia, that had sent all your heads

to

to the left, and caused the disorder. *Apropos* of abbesses; there's the Chevalier Don Josse Robello has brought a complaint from his sister, Donna Teresa Maria, the abbess of Santa Clara, that you, captain O'Rourke, got into the convent in the disguise of a water-carrier, and forced your way into the cell of Donna Paulina Rovero; at whose father's house you was quartered at Abrantes; the Touriere has confessed to the abbess that you bribed her to shew you the way; the abbess insists you must go to her and make your apology in person, which, if you had done at first, probably she might have passed it over; she says you have committed a breach of monastic discipline in her house, and as I am myself an admirer of discipline, I recommend to you, Sir, to heal the breach as soon as possible, and at the same time, Sir, that you would be on your guard; for, should you force your way into the cell of the abbess, you may get the whole corps into the inquisition."

SPORTING WITH PRUDENCE, AND THE BOTTLE.

MR. EDITOR,

HORACE, of convivial and classical memory, tells us of the danger he risked of being talked to death by an impertinent babbler, of whom he could by no means divest himself. Dr. Donne the satirist, and the celebrated Mr. Pope, have very pleasantly expatiated upon such a character more modernized. But with respect to the pestering of a *sober man* by *drunkards*, perhaps the gentleman attendants at the bishop's castle at Wurtzbourg in Germany, have never been surpassed. Baron Polnitz, in his memoirs, tells the following story of his adventures there, which I have no doubt will afford your readers some degree of amusment.

"Having," says he, "told the Bishop that I wanted to see the castle, this prince was so complaisant, as to order one of his gentlemen to go with me. My honest companion, however, fearing that a conversation *tête a tête* would be too melancholy, chose two topers to bear us company, whom Silenus would not have disowned for his children. Being a stranger to the virtues for which these gentlemen were eminent, I put myself entirely under their protection.—Having viewed the whole fortifications, the arsenal, &c. they carried me at last into the wine cellar, which I found illuminated like a chapel, wherein I was to lie in state; and, indeed, my funeral obsequies were performed in pomp; for the glasses served instead of bells, and torrents of wine gushed out instead of tears—At length, after this service was over, two of the prince's heydukes carried me to a couch, and from thence to bed. That was my tomb; but next day I rose again.—But though I scarce knew whether I had really come to myself or not, I confess it did not really give me much concern; for, ever since I have been at Wurtzbourg, I have followed the laudable custom of getting drunk twice every day.

I rise at ten o'clock, my lungs very much inflamed with the wine I drank the night before. I take a large dose of tea, dress myself, and then go to make my compliments to the Bishop; I am invited to dine with him; he promises, nay sometimes swears too, I shall not drink; at noon we sit down to table; the Bishop does me the honour to drink two

two or three healths to me; the Baron De Zobel, Master of the Horse, and another gentleman of rank, toast the same number; and I now find myself under the unavoidable necessity of drinking to no less than fourteen persons at this princely table; so I am drowned in liquor before I have dined. When the company rises, I wait on the Prince to the chamber door; when he retires, I think to do the same; but, in the anti-chamber of the Master of the Horse, I find an embargo put upon me. All the Marshalls of the court, with great bumpers in their hands, again drink to me, with the Prince's health, and prosperity for ever to the most laudable Chapter of Wurtzbourg. I protest to them that I am the Bishop's most humble servant, and have also a great veneration for the most laudable Chapter; but, that to drink their healths would destroy mine; and therefore I beg they would excuse my pledging them. I may, however, as well talk to the winds; these two healths must be drank, or I shall be esteemed no friend to the Prince and his Chapter. If this were all, I should be well off; but then comes M. De Zobel, one of the most intrepid carousers of the age, who squeezes me by the hand, and with an air and tone of perfect cordiality, says to me, "you love "our Prince so well, that you can"not refuse drinking to the pro"sperity of the illustrious family of "Houtten."

"Having made this moving speech, he takes off a great glass to witness his zeal for the life of his master. After this, an officious heyduke brings me a glass, assuring me this wine, the Prince drinking it himself, cannot possibly do me any harm; thus I venture on another glass; I reel, and presume I can drink no more; yet to finish me completely, M. De Pechtelsheim, one of the honestest gentlemen living, and at the same time one of the staunchest wine bibbers upon earth, accosts me with a smile, and says, "Come dear Baron, one "glass more to better acquain"tance." I conjure him to give me quarter; but he embraces me, kisses me, calls me Herr Bruder, his dear brother. How can a man withstand such tender compliments? At last, I put myself in a posture to run away; I sneak off; steal down the steps as well as I can: squeese into a sedan chair, and being carried home, my people get me out as well as they can; and, like a dead corpse, fling me on a bed, as if the next thing was to lay me out; I sleep three or four hours; awake in a perfect maze; put myself to rights again; prepare to make visits; but whatsoever I do, I find myself in such a pickle again, as to be unable to walk alone. And as there is no such thing here as conversation between one friend and another, without a bottle, I am tempted to think the inhabitants of this city are descended from Silenus; and that this old Pagan sot, left them the faculty of hard drinking for a legacy, as St. Hubert bequeathed to his family, the power of curing a phrenzy.

THE HORSE.

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

IN the summer, Lucy, Emilia, and Jacobus, were carried by Hortensia to view the crowds of company, as they passed to the races which are annually held upon Kersal Moor, near Manchester. The variety of countenances which they saw, the mirth of some, the eagerness

ness of others, and the dissipation of all, furnished a delightful entertainment to their young minds, unalloyed by any reflections on the extravagance, gaming, and intemperance which such diversions produce.

Whilst they were enjoying this scene of pleasure, they observed two men advancing on a full gallop, spurring and lashing their horses to increase their speed. The day was extremely hot, and one of the horses fell, gasping, almost at the feet of Jacobus. The rider by his agility, instantly freed himself from the stirrups; and rising with fury from the ground, he beat his horse in the most savage and relentless manner. The poor animal was unable to move, and at every stroke of the whip, expressed his agony in the most piercing groans. In vain the surrounding crowd interceded in his behalf. The tyrant to whom he belonged, inflamed with anger and revenge, continued inexorable, and Hortensia withdrew with her young charge from a spectacle so painful and distressing.—When Euphronius returned to Hart-Hill in the evening, his children flocked around him, impatient to relate this tale of woe. I know, and pity the unhappy horse, said he; and if you will listen to me, I will give you the particulars of his history.

The sire of this animal was a native of Arabia Felix, where he ranged without controul, in the most fertile and extensive plains, enjoying all the luxuries of nature. He was the leader of a herd, which consisted of more than five hundred of his species; and thus supported by the united force of numbers, no beast of the forest durst attack him. When his followers slept, he stood as centinel, to give notice of approaching danger; and if an Arab happened to advance, he sometimes walked up boldly towards him, as if to examine his strength, or to intimidate him; then instantly he gave the signal to his fellows, by a loud snorting, and the whole herd fled with the swiftness of the wind. In one of these flights, he was taken by a trap concealed upon the ground; which, entangling his feet, made him an easy prey to the hunter. He was carried to Constantinople; sold to the British envoy there, and brought by him into England, to improve our breed of horses. His first colt was the poor animal whose sufferings you now lament, and whom I remember to have seen gay, frolicsome, and happy. He was fed in a large pasture, where he used to gallop round and round, trying every active movement of his limbs, and increasing his strength and agility by those gambols and exercises, which jocund nature in early youth inspires. Thus passed the first period of his life; but now his state of servitude and misery commenced. To render him more tame and pensive, a painful operation was performed upon him, by which the size and firmness of his muscles were impaired, his spirits were depressed, and he lost, with the distinction of his sex, one essential power of usefulness and enjoyment.

Nature had furnished him with a flowing tail, which was at once an ornament, a covering for what should be concealed, and a weapon of defence against the flies of summer. But false taste decreed the extirpation of it, and several joints were taken off by a coarse instrument, and blundering farrier. The blood gushed from the wound; and, to stop the discharge, the tender part was seared with a red-hot iron. At this instant of time I happened to pass by, and whilst I was pierced

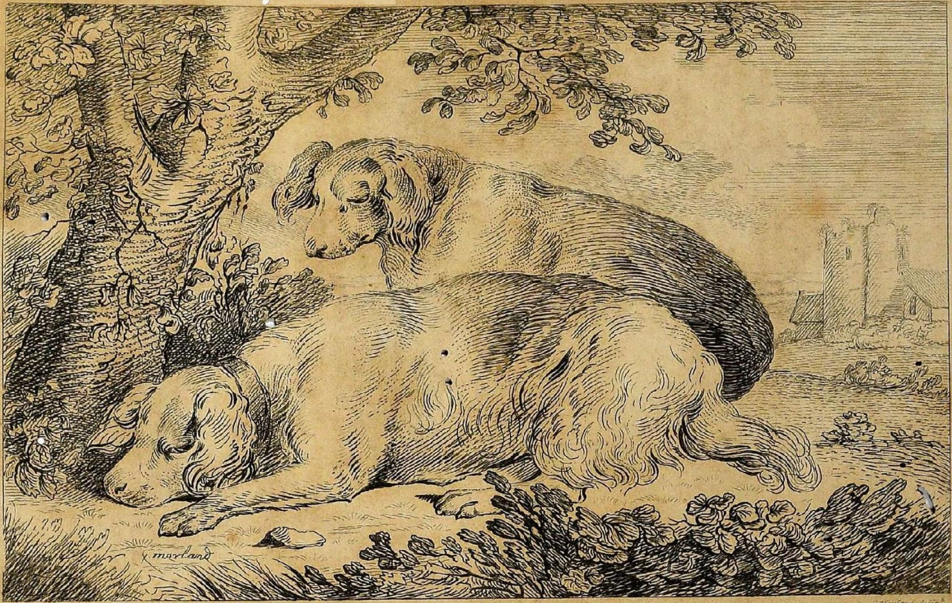
pierced to the heart with the sufferings of the horse, I saw the savage who inflicted them, suspend his operation to curse and beat him for the groans he uttered. When the tail was thus reduced to a ridiculous shortness, it was thought, that a turn upwards would give additional grace to it: and to produce this effect, several deep cuts were made on the under side of it; and the tail was drawn by a cord and pully into a most painful position, till the granulation of the flesh was completed. He was now trained, or broken, as it is usually termed, for riding; and, during this season of discipline, he underwent all the severities of the lash and spur. Many a time were his sides covered with blood, before his aversion to the ass could be fully subdued.—The dread of this animal he derived from his sire; for, in the state of nature, the ass and the horse bear the utmost antipathy to each other: and if a horse happen to stray into the pastures where the wild asses graze, they attack him with fury, and surrounding him to prevent his flight, they bite and kick him till he dies. When rendered perfectly tractable, he was sold to the present proprietor, whom he has faithfully and affectionately served during ten years. He has been a companion to him in various journeys; he has borne him with ease and security many thousand miles; has contributed to restore him from sickness to health, by the gentle exercises which he afforded: and by the swiftness of his feet, he has twice rescued him from robbers and assasins. But he is now growing old, his joints become stiff, his wind fails him; and, urged beyond his speed, on so sultry a day, he fell breathless at your feet. In a few hours he recovered himself; and the owner has since disposed of him at a low price, to a master of post-horses in Manchester. He is now to be ridden as a common hackney, or to be driven in a chaise, and he will be at the mercy of every coxcomb traveller, who gallops night and day, through different countries, to acquire a knowledge of mankind, by the observation of their manners, customs, laws, arts, police, and government. It is obvious, that the horse will soon be disqualified for this violent and cruel service; and, if he survive, he will probably be sold to grind in a mill, and in this situation his exercise will be less severe, and almost without intermission; the movement in a circle will produce a dizziness of the head, and in a month or two he will become blind; yet, however, his labours are to continue, and he may drag on years of toil and sorrow ere death close the period of his sufferings. The children were much affected by this narrative; and Jacobus cried out with emotion, "I love my little horse, and will never abuse him, and when he grows old he shall rest from his work, and I will feed him, and take care of him till he dies."

SPANIELS.

(An Etching from Morland, by Bell.)

IN this place we give the Etching named above; those acquainted with the merit of Mr. Morland, and the value of his works, will always be delighted with even the slightest of his sketches. The present is faithfully traced by Mr. Bell, and which preserves fully the genius and spirit of the original.

FEAST



Bell, fecit. G. Morland delin[t]

Spaniels.

Pub. July 1.1803, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A COUNTRY gentleman asked a friend of his a few days ago, "What kind of member was that in the House of Lords, called *Nemine dissentiente?*" "Why, said the other, "he is one of the *oldest Members* in the House—never was known to be in *Opposition*—and heartily votes for the *present war!*"

There has been some talk of raising a regiment of *Poets* for the defence of the country. These gentlemen ought to be *warlike*, for they deal in *flames* and *darts*, and if they are of the true breed, can never want *fire*.

LUSUS NATURÆ.—That great overgrown baby, the French fleet, is so helpless, that Bonaparte finds himself still obliged to keep her at *Brest*.

BONAPARTE wears a plain jacket upon his tour along the coast, well knowing that it will be *well trimmed* when he ventures to cross the channel.

FOOTE describes a *flaw* to be a *legal loop-hole* left by lawyers to preserve the game, and a certain gentleman has been sufficiently fortunate to find *A—slit* to get out at.

A PUNNING pickpocket, lately sent on board the tender, solicited a pecuniary supply from his friends, observing, that he would not trouble them unless he were cruelly *pressed*.

AN attorney, the other day, speaking of the disgraceful capitulation made by the Hanoverians with the French, observed, that the latter having obtained a *verdict* without the trouble of adducing any evidence in support of their claim, compelled the former, who *pleaded* only a *sham plea*, and let *judgment go by default*, by setting up *no defence* to the *action*, to pay full *costs of suit*, without submitting their *bills* to the formality of *taxation*.

LEGAL REFINEMENT.—The coroner's jury having sat a few weeks ago on the body of a young lady in Baltimore, America, who had hung herself in a fit of *love frenzy*, brought in their verdict—"*Died by the visitation of Cupid.*"

AN American Printer has advertised an edition of the Common Prayer Book, with this N. B. "The *matrimonial* article in *large type*, for the *use of ladies advanced in years*, who may be tempted to enter into that holy state."

IT has been observed as somewhat paradoxical in the present state of affairs, that several gentlemen have joined the *volunteer corps*, to avoid being made *soldiers!*

It was not surprising, names and other circumstances considered, that a certain noble new-married couple went off with unusual expedition to *Bed*-fordshire.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SANS PRENDRE AND VOLE.

MR. EDITOR,

THIS, you may observe to your readers, may be known by putting two fish on the table, and eight in the pool; then taking up and being paid for a *sans prendre*. Still this rule, like other things, is made much easier in the practice than the theory. The following case, I also presume, will be new to 99 players out of 100.

If by asking leave, you prevent a vole, provided you get three tricks, and your partner two, you save three fish: For example, suppose two on the board, eight in the pool, and one in your pond. But being beasted, you put that one on the board, then divide the board and pool, and you will have three in your pond. If the others had won a vole, they would have taken two off the board, four out of the pool, and your share of the remainder would have been one, which you must have given with that in your pond, to one of the players, so that instead of three fish; you would not have one.

As a hint for the probable promotion of amusement, we will suppose four very good players at whist set at one table, and four bad ones at another, and that barely to see what the success might be, after the cards are dealt at one table, to make each of them do for the other. This experiment might be applied to other games.

FOOT-RACE.—The long expected foot-race between Abraham Wood the Lancashire man, and Atkinson the Yorkshire, which was to be determined at Scarborough, on Thursday the 14th instant, attracted an immense crowd of spectators. The sands and cliffs were covered with thousands.—A few hours before starting, it was declared, that Atkinson the Yorkshire man, had sprained his toes in running a trial a few days before, and could not start, to the unspeakable disappointment of the sporting world, who expected to have seen one of the best foot races ever attempted. The Lancashire man, therefore, who appeared in very high condition, went over the ground alone; and ran, apparently without any difficulty, the eight miles in about 42 minutes: and when he had finished, to show how little it affected him, he took a volunteer circuit of nearly a mile, and ran amongst the waves, up to his knees in the sea. He had on a white flannel waistcoat, and short flannel drawers, without either shoes or stockings. If the Yorkshire man expect to recover his credit, he must, as soon as possible, make another match, and have it fairly decided. By many sportsmen it was thought he could have won, as he had run four miles a few days before, in 20 minutes and 16 seconds.

Mr. MITCHELL, well known as a quick walker, lately undertook to walk, for the gratification of a few friends interested in the issue, four miles

miles in thirty-five minutes; which distance he performed in the short space of thirty minutes and a half.

LATELY a curious foot-race took place in Hound-Dean-Bottom, near Lewes, between a military gentleman, who undertook to run, with another gentleman on his back, fifty yards, while his adversary, a young gentleman of that neighbourhood, carrying a feather, ran twice that distance. The race produced a great deal of amusement, but the unincumbered gentleman won tolerably easy.

A JEW, who lives at Cambridge, has opened a raffling booth at Pot Fair; as an apology for which illegal act, he pleads the necessities of a large family, having a wife and 13 children. On a sign over the entrance of his booth is painted at the top, a figure of a lion and lioness, and underneath, 13 young lions, with a quotation in Hebrew and Latin, from Psalm 104, v. 21. *The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.*

JULY 13.—A very fine royal sturgeon was brought to the Mansion House, and presented to the Lord Mayor, by Mr. Rough, one of the Water Bailiff's deputies, having been caught within his Lordship's jurisdiction in Barnabas Reach, near Fulham, by John Hobbs a fisherman. The Lord Mayor, after viewing the fish, and ordering the usual compliment to the fisherman, desired Henry Shephard, Esq. to present it as a present to his Majesty, at St. James's. This sturgeon was alive, weighed sixty pounds, and measured five feet seven inches in length.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us, that the eldest son of a noble earl lately lost all his property in the course of three days, at a subscription-house at the west end of the town, where it frequently happens, that the losers don't know to whom they have lost their money.

THE circumstances of Captain Barlow's trial by a court martial, took their rise from an altercation about a gaming debt, when some reflections were cast on his military character. These having been communicated to the regiment in which he served, he thought it his duty to request a court martial on his conduct, which was accordingly granted.

THE late race week at Newcastle, was one of the dullest ever known. Some misunderstanding is said to have arisen between Lord Darlington and other gentlemen, and the clerk of the course, in consequence of which very few horses were sent.

A DISAGREEABLE circumstance concluded the late races of Newcastle. Early on Sunday morning, one of the public tents on the town moor was discovered in flames, which quickly communicated to two others, nor could the fire be extinguished till all the three were destroyed. Property to considerable amount was lost on this occasion, and some of the sufferers narrowly escaped with their lives.

THE meeting at Bibury was but thinly attended, owing, perhaps, to the unpromising appearance of the weather, though it proved remarkably favourable during the races, and the course was in fine order. Among the company were, the Prince of Wales, Lord Foley (Steward), Lord Sackville, Lord Sherborne, Sir W. Wynne, Mr. Cholmondeley, Mr. Vanneck, two Talbots, Cavendish, Bradshaw, Buttler, Danvers, Berkeley, Craven, and several other fashionables of distinction.

At Chelmsford races, Lord Stawell's bay filly, Elizabeth, beat Mr. T. W. Coventry's chesnut filly, Laura, for her Majesty's plate of one hundred guineas. The first heat was well contested, running neck and neck, and the second heat Laura ran off the course.

Died lately at Newmarket, sincerely regretted by his master and all who knew him, John Osborne, many years training groom to the Hon. T. W. Coventry; inferior to none in his profession, and a rare example of fidelity and unsullied integrity.

Bartholomew, the well-known pugilist, died a few days ago in the Almonry, Westminster, after an illness of several months. He requested his wife on his death bed, to have his body buried as nearly as possible under St. Margaret's watch-house. At his own request, his body has been opened, and his liver was discovered to be remarkably enlarged, and quite scirrhous, which is supposed to have been the cause of his death, and that it was brought on by drinking spirits.

The silver arrows, given by the town of Musselburgh, were shot for on Saturday the 26th ult. by the royal company of archers, and won by Sir George M'Kenzie, Bart.

Thirty horses, lately belonging to Elector of Hanover's stables, arrived there on the 27th ult. A set of eight cream coloured, in a state coach, stopped at Hamburgh, as well as a white horse named Diamond, the finest in the stables, richly caparisoned; another, named Matador, and two of less value, have been given to General Mortier. The other horses are not yet distributed. Amongst those destined for General Berthier, are Achmet and Mahomet, two of the finest saddle-horses.

One of Ld. Whitworth's grooms, and three of the *old grey* horses, it is said, have been taken by a French vessel, on their passage to England. The favourite *grey mare* came over in the same vessel with his Lordship.

On Friday the 24th ult. Belcher, the noted pugilist, met with a melancholy and irreparable misfortune. In playing a game of fives at the Court in Little St. Martin's-lane, he received a blow of the ball, which was struck by the marker, with such force, that it literally knocked one of his eyes out of the socket.

As two gentlemen were returning to town, on Sunday July 17, about two o'clock, in a gig, drawn by a spirited and valuable mare, in coming down a hill beyond Epping, owing to the too common fault of such carriages, in the shafts being too short, the carriage touched the mare, and caused her to kick so violently, that the gig must have been dashed in pieces, had not the shafts both broke off; the carriage immediately fell back, by which the gentlemen fell out, without receiving any very material injury, although one of them was twice kicked on the knee. The two shafts continued to adhere to the mare, and she ran furiously down the hill, at the bottom of which, a man attempting to stop her, she flew aside, and leaped over the fence of posts and chains into Mr. Stacey's grass-platt, but immediately after leaped out again, and proceeded half a mile further along the road, at full speed, with the shafts swinging at her side; she was at length stopped at a public-house on the Forest, by the spirited exertions of a number of persons who ran out, where she was left, being so much injured that she could not be brought to town.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ELEGY
ON
THE DEATH OF A SPORTSMAN.

PALE rose the misty spirits of the vale,
And, from the verdant haunts of silver time,
Whose fairy-haunted stream
First heard the discord of my artless song
Spread o'er the fading landscape wide;
Enthron'd are now the starry throng;
The queen of heav'n is clad in all her pride;
The birds of night majestically sail
Amid the silent air:
While pensive meditation seeks the plains,
Whose hallow'd earth Eugenio's dust contains.
Ah! youth belov'd of Sport beyond compare.
Fast fall my tears upon the sacred spot,
Alas! by all but me neglected and forgot.

Ah! what is manly youth, or jocund health,
When death is near!
Ah! what avails the treasur'd hopes of wealth,
When fate prepares the destin'd bier!
No more, Eugenio, shall joy's ardent fire
Impell thee o'er the plain;
No more shall Sport, the mountain rocks ascend,
Or on the syrtes of the marsh depend,
And bid thee danger and stern toil, disdain;
No more thy nerves confirm, thy gen'rous soul inspire.
Where is the vigorous stride, the manly mien,
On which th' immortal maids,
Who rule the sylvan shades,
Gaz'd with delight; envious of Clara's bliss;
While the rude pow'rs that guard the glades,
Trembling, retir'd? Ah me! no more is seen
The graceful form that glow'd amid the breeze,
In the mild valley, or the lonely wood,
When thou, at Sport's command, her devious steps pursued.

Farewell, the thund'ring tube! Eugenio, now
No more invites me to the field;
No more at night's approach, the raptur'd youth
Bidding his varied spoils assert his truth,
Narrates the toils and triumphs of the day.
When morning is reveal'd
On the high heathy mountain's brow,
His early voice shall summon me away
No more. Farewell, O Sport!
And ev'ry gay resort,
Where, with Eugenio once I woo'd thy charms,
Me, faithful grief disarms,
And friendship leads, when evening's shades arise;
Or early morn, with purple, stains the skies,
Where moul'dring in the grave, my lov'd companion lies.

SIMON BRIAMILL.

ON

ON THE GAME OF CRICKET.

WHILE others, soaring on a lofty wing,
Of dire Bellona's cruel triumph sing,
Sound the shrill clarion, mount the rapid car,
And rush delighted thro' the ranks of war;
My tender muse, in humbler, milder strains,
Presents a bloodless contest on the plains;
Where vig'rous youth in life's fresh bloom resort,
For pleasing exercise, and healthful sport;
Where emulation fires, where glory draws,
And active sportsmen struggle for applause;
Expert to *bowl*, to *run*, to *stop*, to *throw*,
Each nerve collected at each mighty blow.

Hail Cricket! glorious, manly, British game!
First of all sports! be first alike in fame!
To my fir'd soul thy busy transports bring,
That I may feel thy raptures while I sing!
And thou, kind patron of the mirthful fray,
Beauclerk, thy country's friend! accept the lay:
Tho' mean my verse, my subject yet approve,
And look propitious on the *game* you love.

When the returning sun begins to smile,
And shed its glories round this sea-girt isle;
When new-born nature, deck'd in vivid green,
Chaces dull winter from the charming scene:
High panting with delight, the jovial swain,
Trips it exulting o'er the flow'r-strew'd plain;
Thy pleasures, Cricket! all his heart controul;
Thy eager transports dwell upon his soul:
He weighs the well-form'd *bat's* experienc'd force,
And guides the rapid *ball's* impetuous course.
His supple limbs with nimble labour plies,
Nor bends the grass beneath him as he flies.
The joyous conquests of the late-flown year,
In fancy's paint, with all their charms appear;
And now again he views the long-wish'd season near.

O thou, sublime inspirer of my song!
What matchless trophies to thy worth belong!
Look round the globe, inclin'd to mirth, and see
What daring sport can claim the prize from thee!

Not puny Billiards, where, with sluggish pace,
The dull *ball trails* before the feeble *mace*.
Where no triumphant shouts, no clamours dare
Pierce through the vaulted roof, and rend the air;
But stiff spectators quite inactive stand,
Speechless, attending to the striker's hand:
Where nothing can your languid spirits move,
Save when the *marker* bellows out, *six-love!*
Or, when the ball, *close cushion'd* slides askew,
And to the op'ning *pocket runs, a cou!*

Nor yet that happier game, where the smooth bowl,
In circling mazes, wanders to the goal;
Where much divided, or in fear or glee,
The youth cries—rub;—*O flee, you ling'rer flee!*

Not Tennis self, thy sister sport, can charm,
Or with thy fierce delights our bosoms warm.
Tho' full of life, at ease alone dismay'd,
She calls each swelling sinew to her aid;
Her echoing courts confess the sprightly sound,
While from the *racket* the brisk balls rebound;
Yet to small space confin'd, ev'n she must yield
To nobler Cricket, the disputed field.

O parent

O parent Britain! minion of renown!
Whose far extended fame all nations own,
Of sloth-promoting sports, forewarn'd beware!
Nor think thy pleasure's are thy meanest care;
Shun with disdain the squeaking masquerade,
Where fainting vice calls folly to her aid.
Leave the dissolving song, the baby dance,
To soothe the slaves of Italy and France.
While the firm limb, and strong brac'd nerve are thine,
Scorn eunuch sports; to manlier games incline.
Feed on the joys that health and vigour give;
Where freedom reigns, 'tis worth the while to live.
Nurs'd on thy plains first, Cricket learn'd to please;
And taught thy sons to slight inglorious ease.
And see where busy counties strive for fame,
Each greatly potent at this mighty game.
Fierce Kent, ambitious of the first applause,
Against England combin'd, asserts her cause.
And now fam'd Hampshire's sons, immortal grown,
By a long series, oft acquire renown;
Gay Surry, sometimes triumphs o'er the field,
And fruitful Sussex cannot brook to yield.
While London, queen of cities! proudly vies,
And often grasps the well disputed prize.

July 4th. J. J. B.

TO AN OLD FAVOURITE SPANIEL.

OLD Prince! I love to view thee as thou liest
Basking thyself before the winter fire;
I love to see thee lick thy silken coat,
And bleach each blemish, till thy heavy lids
Sink down in sleep, thro' very laziness.
Then fancy roams unbridled thro' thy brain,
Trembles each muscle, while the mutter'd bark
Too well betrays thy bullying cowardice.
But should the tea cups ring, or biscuit crack,
Shaking off sleep, and dreams, and fleas, at once,
Thou sit'st erect upon thy shaggy hams,
The whilst thine eye doth ev'ry thing but speak.

My hairy friend! thy large, oldfashion'd face
And ample chest, clad, like the Laplander,
In fur, as fair as are his native snows;
Thy flapping ears, that sage Pythagoras
Would swear, from looking in thy solemn face,
Were once the caxon of some pious judge;
Claim my respect and homage—O my friend!
My true adherent! little dost thou know
The cares and troubles of this anxious world:
Thou may'st again go lay thee down to sleep,
Sure, when thou wak'st, to be caress'd and fed.
O! how I envy thee thy Monkish life!

THANSO.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, of Covent Garden, on his first appearance this year at Dublin Theatre; and in his first Performance of Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, in Love A-la-mode.

SAFE I'm here, and with joy almost wild,
For in Ireland I first saw the Sun,
Bless the nation, man, woman, and child,
You're my countrymen every one!
By the packet I sent pretty fast
Both letters and parcels to greet ye,
'Till my own self I pack'd up at last,
And my heart jumps with transport to meet ye.

Thirteen years, or the Almanack lies,
Now are past since I left Dublin Bay;

Tho'

Tho' I rode in a ship, my poor eyes
Were swimming the whole of the way;
And while absent, to say it I'm proud,
Of dear Ireland I lack'd no reminders;
Nature's voice in my breast spoke so loud,
That it burst in a brogue thro' my my grinders.

Dear Ireland's my mother, agrah,
Old England, her sister I grant—
Then it seems since this land's my mamma,
That I've staid a long while with my aunt.
London boasts of the Thames for its size,
Its angels no soul can call frightful,
Patrick owns all these charms, still he cries,
"Oh! the Liffey and Sheelah's delightful!"

If you'd know what I've done while away,
I'll tell you before you can ask it,
I have work'd for John Bull, and must say,
He has put a few eggs in my basket;
But if eggs are applause, I fear
Dublin critics may soon have dispatch'd 'em.
Faith my eggs may be all musty here;
So I won't count my chicks till I've hatch'd 'em.

Now long life to you jewels, say I,
You have judgment, wit, all that is odd,
By the Powers I'll most certainly die,
If I'm damn'd by the sons of the sod;
But you won't vex your countryman so,
Thanks to Ireland for birth I'm a debtor,
And, believe me, wherever I go,
Nought but death shall make me forget her.

EPITAPH.

IN the course of this Work, we have given numerous inscriptions, &c. upon Dogs; but the following, made for an Italian Cardinal, who was fond of the canine race, we presume, outdoes them all. It runs thus,

"THIS tomb for thee, dear Bitch, I builded have,
Who was more worthy Heaven, than a grave."

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

I fell in love with Nelly Nicholls; and my acquaintances, because they could not find fault with her, fell foul of her *name*, and insisted, among other things, that *Nell* was not a poetical name; and indeed, that it was so unpoetical, it was not possible to make a ballad upon it. I, who am no poet, as you will see, was so roused at this, that I set my brains to work; and I now send you my effusion in praise of Nell.

If you think I have made any thing of it, be so good as to give it a place.

Your's, HARRY HOMESPUN.

SWEET is the smell of new-made hay,
How sweet the bean-flow'rs smell;
But sweeter, ev'ry swain will say,
Is lively laughing Nell.

Sweet is the early breath of cows,
In the morning by the dell;
Yet, tho' the sweetest herbs they browze,
They're not so sweet as Nell.

And then, for shape, and step, and air,
Can any shepherd tell;
What is the creature to compare
With lovely, buxom, Nell?

The red and white, that ladies' seek,
And some pretend to sell,
Is ready mix'd, found in the cheek,
Of pretty blushing Nell,

Then, as to voice, why, tho' the lark
His little throat will swell;
And, mounting, sing from light to dark,
He cannot equal Nell.

Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
I'm bound as by a spell;
And when I talk to brother Joe,
I'm sure to call him Nell!

But what of that? next Whitsuntide—
The time I mark full well,
Will be my own, my blooming bride,
Sweet, lively, laughing Nell!

With us, our union to cement,
Shall humble virtue dwell;
And gay good humour and content
Secure my bliss with Nell!